

IN ATTENDANCE ON THE KING.

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# The Leisure Hour



SEA SERPENTS. BY F. T. BULLEN.

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SIXPENCE

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From the painting by A. J. Eldey.

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# In Attendance on the King

BY MARY SPENCER WARREN

IN attendance on the King! The phrase gives place to all sorts of conjectures as to nature of duties and extent of privileges, as well as much wonderment as to the daily *régime* and the little details which never come before the public; which have, as it were, to be read between the lines of the Court Gazette, or the more prolific special report of the daily press.

Every Royal official is one of a charmed circle, concerning the doings of which the average outsider is absolutely ignorant. If, however, any man imagines the holder of office which brings him into immediate contact with the King to fill a post that is a mere sinecure, then is he vastly mistaken; for the helpers of a man who is an indefatigable worker, and a systematic one at that, are, in a sense, wheels of a complicated and unceasing piece of machinery.

Few are aware of the real magnitude of the multitudinous business which must be dealt with year in and year out, necessitating a knowledge of men and events which is simply marvellous, and a grasp and tact far and away beyond the average. To deal with such the King must be surrounded by men of no common calibre, but men who are blessed with brains and know how to

use them, who have not only profited by the best scholastic mentors, but have turned their acquirements to account with profit to themselves and their compeers.

No dullard would be eligible, not if he were to have the best blood of England in his veins and the recommendation and

influence of every member of the Upper House. The man who holds a post in the immediate *entourage* of His Majesty the King must be a thinker, a worker, a diplomatist, and a courtier. He must also be a proficient in modern popular accomplishments, as these may often be called into requisition when the ordinary routine work is for the moment in abeyance.

Thus it will be seen that every prominent member of the Royal suite is of necessity a man of exceptional ability, and that

though his position may be envied by many, he is eminently qualified to fill it, and must work hard to maintain it. More or less, these officials are admitted to a certain friendship with His Majesty of which there are of course degrees of intimacy; but undoubtedly the two or three who share the higher degree know more of the King's real thoughts and opinions on diversities of things than do any other men in the world.

In mentioning such, the name of Lord

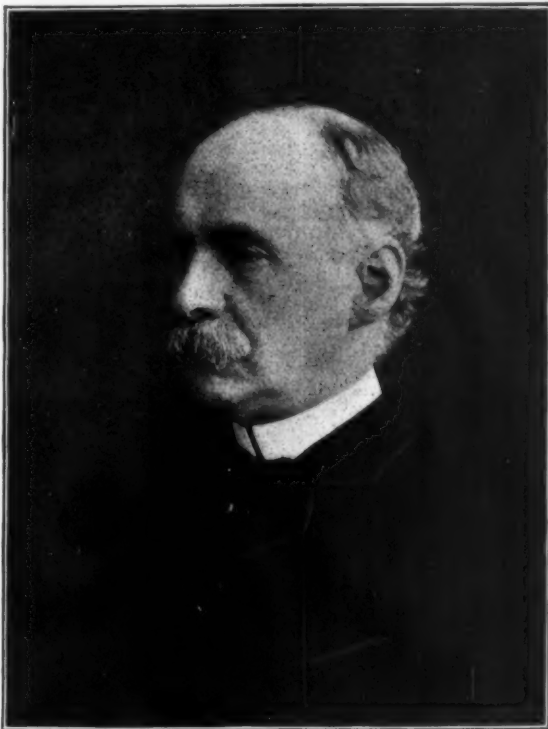


Photo by

LORD KNOLLYS

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## In Attendance on the King

Knollys, Private Secretary to His Majesty for very many years, naturally occurs as one of the most prominent. From the very nature of his position and duties, Lord Knollys—next to the King—must know more of the inner wheels of the machinery of our own State and Empire, as well as more of the political and friendly or unfriendly relations with Foreign Powers, than any other man. He it is who morn-

member of His Majesty's Household deals with his Royal Master's correspondence, opening all letters not carrying the hall-mark of relationship or privilege or marked private. And, truth to tell, even many of those which are so marked are subject to the discretionary powers of Lord Knollys, for obviously the "private" is affixed by many persons who are either cranks, people with a grievance, or who send petitions with



Photo by

THE KING'S ROOM, SANDRINGHAM

F. Ralph

ing by morning opens the Despatch bags and goes through the documents with the King, hears His Majesty's views, takes notes and indites replies; those which are of extreme importance being written by his lordship's own hand.

Thus, when a change of Ministry is imminent, or a leading member of the Government is about to resign, Lord Knollys is the one man—apart from the King and the official concerned—who is cognisant of the fact. Also, this trusted

which the King cannot constitutionally deal; applications for business patronage or autographs, and a never-ending stream of begging letters.

The major portion of these are dealt with in one stereotyped way; it goes without saying that the King cannot possibly be troubled with such epistles, so Lord Knollys goes rapidly through them to get the gist, passes over such as should be answered to an assistant secretary, who in his turn directs one of the typists to despatch the

## In Attendance on the King

formal set reply. Such as should come before the King do so in due course, the privileged private ones being at once sent to His Majesty, the others being retained by Lord Knollys for the King's perusal and decision.

Of course every happening in the Royal Household, whether it savours of public or private life, must be conducted on absolutely punctual lines, or the most utter confusion would reign supreme instead of the very admirable order which is now dominant. In no department is this more necessary to be exemplified than in that of the Private Secretary.

Let me give an instance in connexion with the visit of an official of a public institution to settle the details of a visit with which the King was about to honour the place. 2.30 was the hour named, but the official in question did not arrive until a few minutes after that time, and then found that one of several other callers had been given the preference. Further-

more, he had to watch the whole number enter and leave the Private Secretary's room before his own turn came. All but himself had been punctual to their appointment, and so he had to submit to a long and tiresome delay, brought about by his own lack of punctuality. A little incident, perhaps, but exactly illustrative of the essentially rigid mode imperative at Buckingham Palace.

Lord Knollys from long experience can gauge to a nicety just how long it will take to get through with so and so. Always

courteous, he yet conveys an unmistakable impression of no time to waste, gives the idea of a man who knows exactly what he is going to say, and has a very nice knack of quietly bringing to the point any one who is inclined to be loquacious. Thus, he is generally able to make up a long list of appointments to cover a certain space of time—and get them over as specified.

Lord Knollys it is, who, with the assistance of the Equerries, sends out the "com-

mand invitations" to dine and sleep, spend a week end, witness theatricals, etc. (The invitations to Courts and other State functions are, of course, given through the Lord Chamberlain.) Thanks to Companies and individuals are also duly despatched from his Lordship's office; the aggregate of documents and letters which have his name affixed to them day by day appearing an imposing task of itself.

Lord Knollys has official residences at Colour Court, St. James's Palace; and in

Winchester Tower, Windsor; but it is very little that his homes see of him, for he is in continual attendance on the King, and, generally speaking, dines with His Majesty; often afterwards joining him in a hand at bridge, taking a cue at billiards, or forming one of the circle in the drawing-rooms.

It may perhaps be of interest to note that previous to the reign of George III. no British monarch had a Private Secretary. Then one was appointed at a salary of £2000, and the office has been perpetuated until the present day, although the holders had



Photo by

W. and D. Downey

SIR DIGTON PROBYN

## In Attendance on the King

no very arduous duties to perform prior to the Victorian era.

Next in importance—if one takes length of service and friendship as a gauge—is General the Rt. Hon. Sir Dighton Macnaghten Probyn, who to the many letters after his name can add the glorious V.C. The office at present held by the General is that of Keeper of the Privy Purse, but when His Majesty was Prince of Wales, his post was that of Comptroller and Treasurer of His Royal Highness's Household, which post he filled for very many years. As Comptroller, Sir Dighton was naturally very much with the Prince, in fact, he was a constant companion; his Sandringham residence, too, is within the Park, close to the doors of His Majesty's house, and he has at all times been almost as one of the family in the Royal Household. If there have been times when Sir Dighton was not in daily attendance on the King, it was on the occasions of the Queen's various trips to Denmark. Twice a year, generally speaking, has Her Majesty journeyed out to her childhood's home,

the Hon. Charlotte Knollys and Sir Dighton Probyn being her invariable attendants.

Almost immediately after the commencement of King Edward's reign the Royal Household was entirely remodelled, and Sir Dighton was nominated Privy Purse. At first sight, an outsider might wonder how this official could find sufficient work to engage his attention and take up practically the whole of his time, but that the duties are continuous and arduous is beyond a shadow of doubt. In the first place, the General draws and signs all personal cheques, for, needless to say, this is one of the things which the King does not do for himself. With such a prodigious expenditure as must inevitably attach to His Majesty, this is a task in itself. Then he also duly makes investigation into the merits or otherwise of all Societies, Charities, and private persons the King has been asked to befriend, or is disposed to assist without having been previously solicited to do so.

Only Sir Dighton could tell what His Majesty's charities really are, and how much is sent to relieve private needs of which the world has no record. But the General's duties are by no means limited to financial affairs, for he also holds the appointment of Extra Equerry, and is a member of the Councils of the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, the revenues of which, as is well known, augment the incomes of the King and the Prince of Wales respectively. General Sir Dighton Probyn has apartments at Buckingham Palace, a residence in the Norman Tower, Windsor, and a country home known as Park House, Sandringham.

Another official in attendance on the King, who may also be ranked as a personal friend of His Majesty, is Lord Farquhar, the Master of the Household. His duties are multitudinous, for he is not only the actual Master—as his name implies—but he veritably has the King under his care, for all functions within the Palaces; that is, he is personally responsible for the well-doing of all the household staff, and for the prompt and thorough performance of all duties assigned. There are certain times when Lord Farquhar's office is a



Photo by

LORD FARQUHAR

Elliott and Fry



## In Attendance on the King



*Photo by*

*Lafayette*

LIEUT.-COLONEL ARTHUR DAVIDSON

very onerous one, such being on the occasions of royal and distinguished personages paying visits to the King. Then the Master has to see that each and all are suitably accommodated in accordance with their rank—and, it must be added, their known likes and dislikes; some having decided preferences for certain positions, etc.

And the number of petitions Lord Farquhar has to deal with is truly astonishing—applications from all quarters on every imaginable subject, embracing supplicants for positions in the Household, offers of all sorts of goods from aspiring tradesmen who have an eye to future Royal patronage, and requests for permission to do this, that, and the other—things which often are quite outside the province of the Master. Lord Farquhar has a residence at Castle Rising, which almost joins the King's Sandringham estate, His Majesty

having more than once honoured it with a week-end visit. When in Norfolk for the shooting season, the King and Lord Farquhar, with other guns, are out together nearly every day, just in the same way as ordinary country neighbours who are on very good terms with each other. The Master has an able colleague in the person of the Deputy Master, Colonel Fredericks; this gentleman representing him on all occasions of absence, and assisting him generally.

Then we come to the Assistant Keepers of the Privy Purse and



*Photo by*

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CAPTAIN P. PONSONBY



## In Attendance on the King

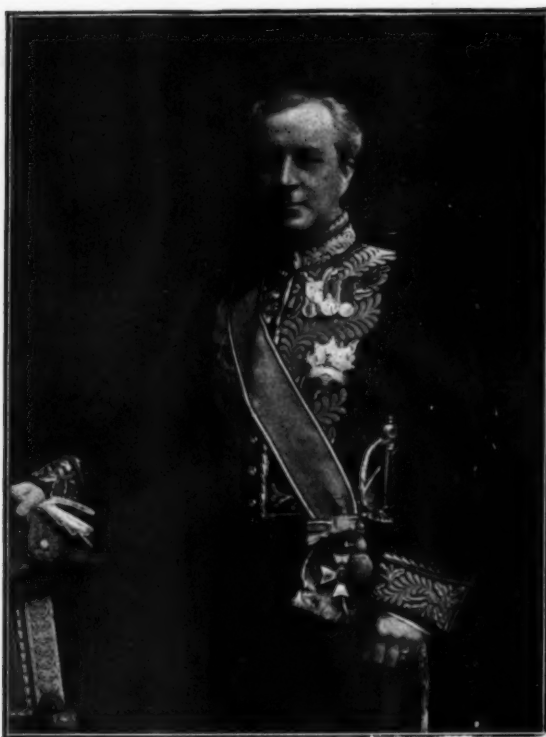


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SIR FRANCIS LAKING

Assistant Secretaries, Lieut.-Col. Davidson and Captain F. Ponsonby, gentlemen whose time and energies are fully taxed in the performance of the duties which come under the heading as implied by the titles, and who also often act as Equerries in attendance. Thus, they may be called upon not only to assist with correspondence, but to ride or drive with the King; to go to the station to meet certain guests beneath the dignity of Royalty, or to attend His Majesty when such guests are of kingly rank. They must also help to receive distinguished guests at the Castle or Palace, or receive alone those of lesser standing; and in many instances conduct guests to assigned apartments. They must post visitors in points of Royal etiquette before presentation or dinner, and, in fact,

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generally look after all men guests.

They are in attendance on the King at all functions—and when the family are alone they must be ready to play billiards or bridge with His Majesty, smoke with him, talk horses and sport generally, converse on literature and topical subjects, as well as agriculture, military and naval matters, and the hundred and one things in which the King is interested; or they may be included in the general circle for private theatricals or music.

It is the hours that tell, too! From early morn until midnight there is no cessation of duties of some description, and though daily performance of such of course brings familiarity, yet there of necessity is a great strain and more than a little anxiety in connexion with such an exceptional

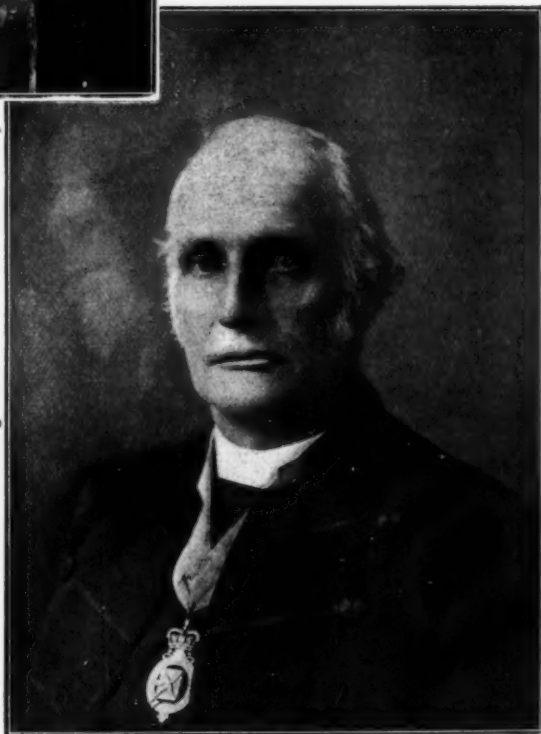
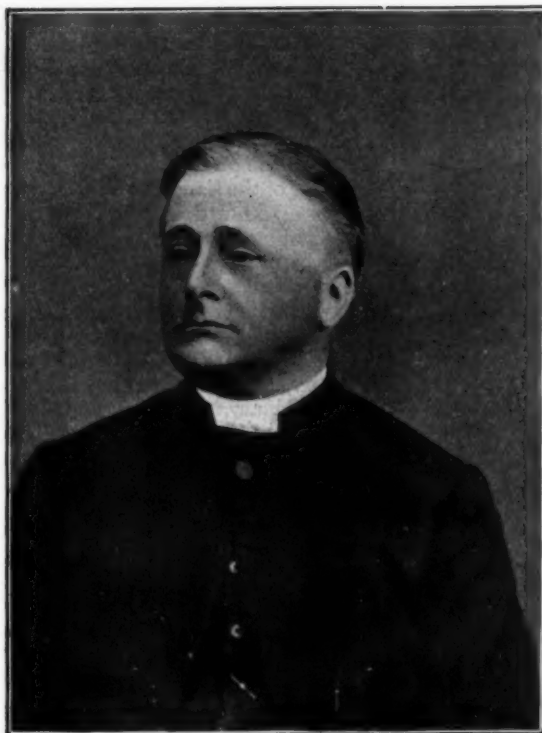


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THE DEAN OF WINDSOR

## In Attendance on the King



*Photo by*

**REV. CANON HERVEY**

*Mauill and Fox*

routine as here indicated. There are several Equerries, in addition to Lords-in-Waiting and Grooms-in-Waiting, who share many of the aforesaid duties during their turns in office, which turns are, generally speaking, one of the seven Lords-in-Waiting and one Groom for a fortnight at a time, and two of the Equerries for a month each.

Any of these gentlemen may be called upon to dine with the Royal Family when at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle; and at Sandringham, where State etiquette is not so much observed, they invariably do so. On all other occasions they take their meals in the Household dining-room, the Master or his Deputy occupying the post of honour at the table. Of course all have their own private apartments, with joint billiard and smoking-rooms, etc.

But sketches of what may be termed the Civil Officials of the King's Household—as apart from the State and military—would not be complete without some mention of the Physicians and Surgeons as well as the

Domestic Chaplains. The first of these to be mentioned is Sir Francis Henry Laking, the Physician-in-Ordinary to His Majesty, and, in fact, his trusted medical adviser. Sir Francis was born in 1847 and was educated at Heidelberg and St. George's Hospital. The popular physician is a tall, clean-shaven man, with a broad brow, keen eyes, and open, pleasant face, and an affable manner. He is particularly fond of children, and is still Consulting Physician to the Victoria Hospital for Children.

Every one will be conversant with the terribly anxious weeks Sir Francis had to undergo at the time of the King's illness in 1902—a period that very perceptibly aged him, and during which he scarcely left His Majesty's apartments. He is also a great favourite with all other members of the Royal Family, and is often included in the Court circle, even when not in the Palace for professional purposes.



*Photo by*

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**THE EARL OF PEMBROKE**

## In Attendance on the King

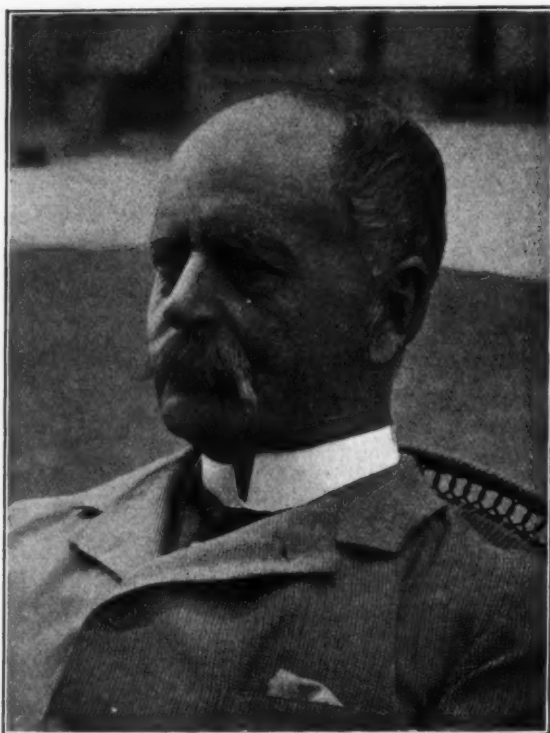


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MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. P. EWART

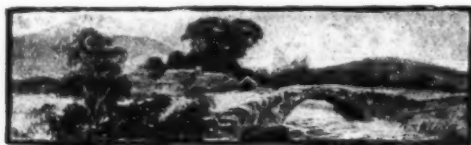
Of Lord Lister and Sir Frederick Treves much has been written; but these, together with other appointed medicos, are not in such continuous attendance as is Sir Francis Laking; he may, in fact, be named "Keeper of the King's Health," for upon him devolves the actual responsibility. No light charge, when the unceasing activity of His Majesty is taken into consideration—an activity which cannot but conduce to a wear and tear of constitution already much tried by illness. Sir Francis is an amateur farmer, an

enthusiastic geologist and a collector of *bric-à-brac*.

Of the two Domestic Chaplains, the Dean of Windsor and the Rev. Canon Hervey, it is the latter who is more often in actual attendance on the King, for he is Rector of the Sandringham House Church, officiating and generally preaching when His Majesty is in residence at his Norfolk home. The Canon is also librarian for Sandringham, in that and other capacities being brought into frequent contact with the Royal family, and he may, in fact, be counted as a personal friend of both the King and Queen. The Canon's residence is within the Park, just a stone's throw, in fact, from Sandringham House.

There are many nice points not generally known to the public, one of which is the question of Departments. The Master of the Household, for instance, and the "staff below stairs" come under the Lord Steward's department—the last-named being the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Pembroke, while the Lord Chamberlain of the Household has control of all officials "above stairs," including chaplains, physicians, etc. The State

Equerry, Sir Henry Ewart—in the department of Master of the Horse—is in frequent intercourse with the King, and is responsible to His Majesty for the proper supply and equipment of all carriages and horses required for their Majesties and the Royal family, Sir Henry's orders being transmitted to Captain Nicholas, the Superintendent of the Royal Mews, whose business it is to issue directions to the men, and to personally inspect every stable, coach-house, and harness-room, with all their contents, at least once every day.





CHAPTER I.—JAMES MORSE

A GOOD-SIZED, substantially-built cottage, with some extent of ground, comprising a meadow, orchard, and vegetable and flower gardens about it, and situated in the high-road just outside a thriving town in one of the Midland counties. The primly-arranged flower-beds, intersected with smooth gravel-paths, and the general aspect of the well-fenced-about house and grounds, indicate that the owner had prided himself not a little upon his possessions. *Had* prided himself. A few weeks previously he had taken his last look at it all, having passed away after a short illness.

Richard Morse had steadily made his way in life, working early and late upon a small farm he rented, and had contrived to save a little money, when fortune smiled more genially upon him. His wife, one of the two daughters of a prosperous tradesman in the town, came in to all he had to leave; her sister, who had married contrary to her father's wishes, not being mentioned in the will, although summoned to his bedside, and forgiven at the last.

The property that came to Richard Morse through his wife consisted of the cottage and other houses and land in the town, bringing

BY MRS. NEWMAN

AUTHOR OF "HER WILL AND HER WAY,"  
"LAST OF THE HADDONS," ETC.

in about five hundred a year. He decided to give up the farm, live at the cottage, and devote all his time and energies to looking after the property. By strict economy in the house, and careful management of business matters, he had increased the income to six hundred. Of this he had left five to his son, one to his daughter, twenty-five to his wife's sister, and the sum of a hundred pounds to her only child.

The sole end and aim of Richard Morse's life, second to that of acquiring wealth, had been to stand well in the estimation of his fellow-men. He had subscribed to the charities in the town, owed no man anything, and prided himself upon having kept on "the safe side" in all ways. He had so far succeeded, that those about him, with perhaps one or two exceptions, gave him the credit for being what he desired to be thought.

His son, a young man after his own heart, had the same reverence for the kind of respectability which comes of money-getting, and had early shown an inclination to walk in his father's footsteps. With no desire for the luxuries of life, and a good nucleus to begin upon, James Morse told himself there was every prospect of his becoming, not only wealthy, but of some standing and importance amongst his fellow-men, a member of the town council, and in time, perhaps, represent his county in Parliament. Nothing was too great for his ambition.

Content with himself and the world, he was walking under the trees in the orchard, this sunny morning in June, in complacent meditation upon a step he was about to



## On the Safe Side

take, which, although not at present appearing the best investment from a financial point of view, promised, he believed, to eventually become so.

After the loss of his wife, some twelve years or so previously to his own death, Richard Morse had persuaded his sister-in-law, a widow making a brave attempt to earn a living for herself and child, to take charge of his house. Only the recognition that her services would be of as much use to him and his two children as he affirmed they would be, had induced Mrs. Hurst to consent to live at the cottage, and none knew better than did he what this had saved him.

Her daughter Barbara had early shown a desire to make herself independent, working hard at school, and, later on, obtaining a situation at the post-office in the town.

Nor was James Morse able to persuade her to give up her situation after his father's death. By and by her cousins would marry, she told herself; Lucy was already engaged to a young man at the Bank, and then with her own little savings and her mother's twenty-five pounds a year, they might make a humble home for themselves. It was the one wish of Barbara Hurst's heart to have her mother to herself. If she guessed that it was her cousin James' intention to ask her to be his wife, she knew that it was from no encouragement she had given, and believed he would very soon get over any little disappointment, and transfer his affections elsewhere.

Barbara was one of the few who could not take her uncle and cousin at their own valuation, and she did not believe that James was the man to die of a broken heart.

Her mother, a gentle, kindly woman whom, naturally less robust in character than her daughter, circumstances had rendered timid and self-distrustful, was apt to express her fears, when the two were alone together, that Barbara was not sufficiently appreciative of the kindness they had received from the father and son. Nor did the one decided word "quite," with which the young girl replied, reassure her. Some lack of perception was indeed mixed up with her love and admiration for the daughter whose nature was so much larger and stronger than her own. Of some things Mrs. Hurst was as good a judge as the wisest. She was quite capable of gauging the qualities of the heart, if not those of the head.

Basking in the sunshine of her daughter's love, her life becoming more happy and vivified by it day by day, she knew that if Barbara failed to appreciate her uncle it was from no lack of the power to do so. The blame could not possibly rest with Barbara, nor could it with Richard Morse; but rest where it might, it was the one thing which disturbed the gently-flowing current of Mrs. Hurst's life.

Her niece Lucy too, how was it that there seemed so little sympathy between the two young girls? Lucy was kind and sweet-tempered; Barbara was always ready to give her credit for being this, as well as being the prettiest girl in Stoneley, and yet they seemed to draw no nearer to each other as time went on. Could she have known what was passing in her daughter's mind this eventful morning, as she moved quietly about the kitchen washing the breakfast-things, and otherwise doing her share of the morning's work before setting forth for the town, Mrs. Hurst would have been not a little disturbed as well as surprised.

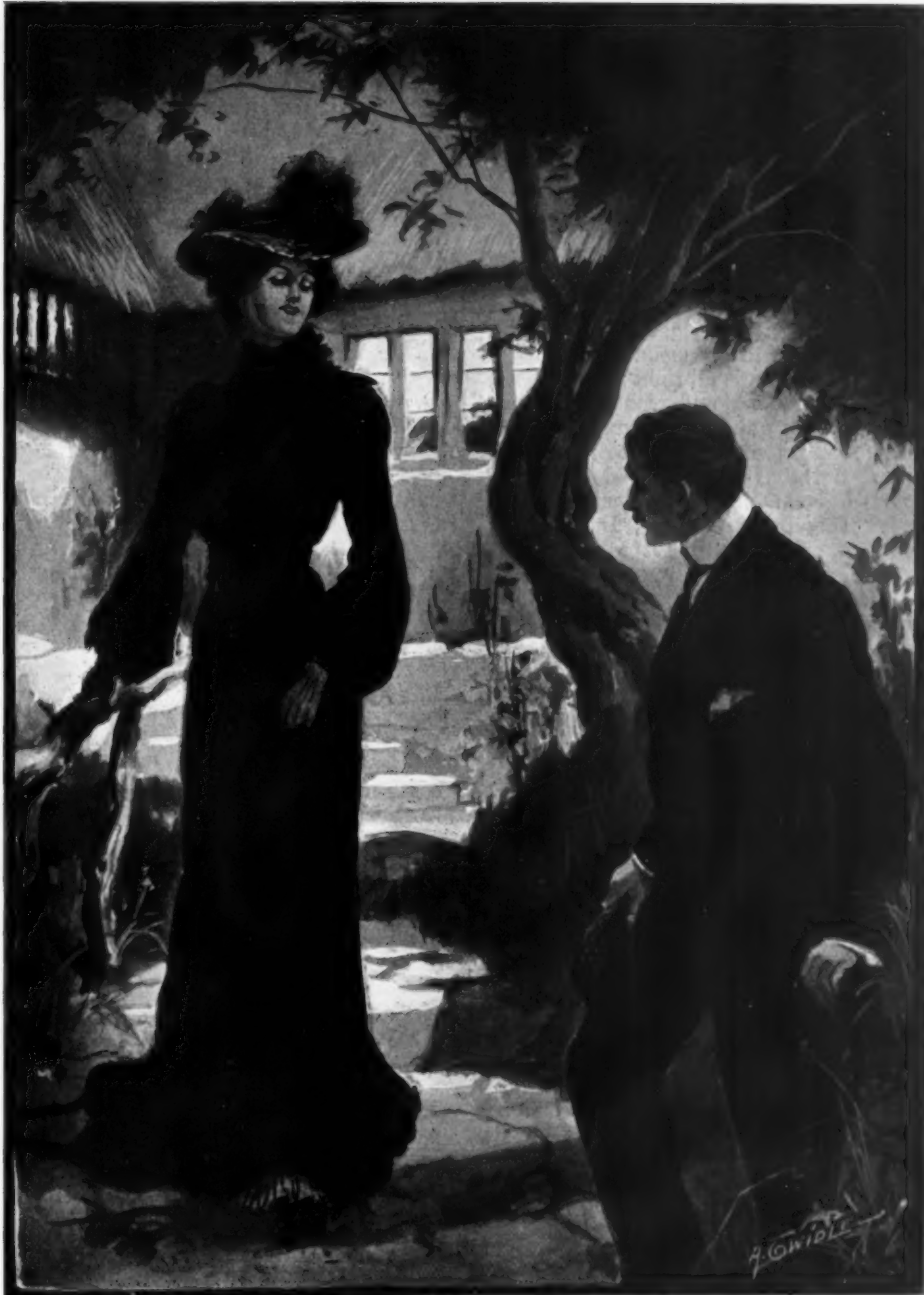
Barbara stood slowly folding up the kitchen-apron she had just taken off, glancing thoughtfully meanwhile from the open door towards the orchard, where she knew James Morse was waiting for her, her lips compressed and her brows slightly knitted. A good face, its grave, quiet strength, somewhat sharpened outlines, and the shadow in her reflective grey eyes, seeming to indicate that there has been some sorrow or renunciation in her life, which has had the softening, humanising effect so necessary for the strong. If Barbara Hurst had once been deficient in patience and consideration for weakness in others, she was not so now. At the same time, it must be admitted that her patience and consideration were reserved for those who *were* weak.

"He really ought to have seen—I have tried so much to make him understand," she was telling herself, "but he seems so—Oh, well, since it has to be, the sooner it is over the better."

James Morse was beginning to be a little impatient as he waited for her. "I told her I wanted to speak to her before she goes, but I suppose she did not know how important it is for her," he was thinking.

A slightly-built man of six-and-twenty, about middle height, and not ill-looking, but for the narrowness of his brow and





"YOU HAVEN'T BEEN IN MUCH OF A HURRY," HE EJACULATED GOOD-HUMOUREDLY

the lack of colour in his hair, and eyes, and complexion.

"Her mother and she have had a good home here. Acted generously all along, did  
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## On the Safe Side

the old dad! Aunt Martha could hardly have expected that twenty-five pounds a year, in addition to the rest. Barbara a hundred down, too! Yes, handsome is the word for it, and all plain and above-board for every one to see! No one could say that we Morses don't know how to do the thing handsomely, when we set about it. 'Keep on the safe side, as I've done, and you'll get on,' those were his words, and I mean to act up to them. That's what I said to John Westbury. Show me you are keeping on the safe side, and you'll have my good word with Lucy. Only get on, and I shall not have a word to say against the match. He will too; John is all right; with a good footing at the Bank, and plenty of brains, he'll rise. Not quite enough on his guard, perhaps, at present; wants a little more caution, but that will come—he will do. Brother-in-law making his way at the Bank doesn't sound badly. Yes, Lucy might have done worse, and I'll see that her income is safely settled upon her. As to Barbara, there will not need to be any tying up with her. We shall have a good five hundred a year, and this place to live in, furnished all ready, and her hundred to begin upon, and there will be Aunt Martha's money by and by. She must have a home here as long as she lives, of course, I promised that to the father, but she's hard upon fifty, and—she earns her keep now, at any rate. Ah, here comes Barbara at last!"

"You haven't been in much of a hurry," he ejaculated good-humouredly, as she came slowly towards him, tall, and straight, and bonnie, with her level brows and quiet, steadfast gaze.

"I always help mother and Lucy an hour or so before I go, you know, James."

"You can guess pretty well what I've got to say, eh, Barbara?"

"I am afraid I can, James."

"Afraid! Oh, come now, why should you be afraid? Didn't you know that I mean to ask you to be my wife?"

"I have thought so lately, and tried to prevent your putting it into words. I should blame myself very much if I felt that I had given you the slightest cause to think we could be anything nearer than cousins, but I know that I have not."

"I don't understand. You can't mean you are going to refuse— Oh, nonsense, no, of course not. Why, it's been my intention ever since—I can't remember the time when I did not care for you, Barbara."

"I am sorry, James, because I cannot be your wife."

"Do you know what you are saying, Barbara? There isn't a single reason against our marrying. It was father's wish, and I know it's Aunt Martha's, and as to what I've got to offer—well, I don't think you would find many men who could give you a better home."

A half-smile curved the young girl's lips, but her eyes were downcast or he might have seen an expression in them which would have not a little puzzled him. It did not occur to him that there might be another and stronger reason why she should not become his wife, than any he could advance in favour of it. The possibility that she might have no love for him had not once crossed his mind.

"You will, I hope, find some one more suited."

"Oh, if that's it—if that's what you are thinking of," he hurriedly put in, taking it for granted now that she meant only to make a modest little protest on the score of her own unworthiness—a hint that he might find a more richly endowed bride. "With my five hundred a year and thrifty management, we might put by at least three, I think. But that's not all. Look here, Barbara. I don't mean to let the money lie idle. No, I shall turn it over as father did, and, in ten years or so, you will see! I know what was in his mind when he apprenticed me to the building trade. I've kept my eyes open, and learned to take care of myself in what I am hoping to do. Thomas May has got those fields now, but he won't live for ever, and if I once get hold of that land again— Father saw the mistake he made in letting May have that renewable lease, when it was found that the railway was to be brought to the other end of the town instead of this. I know he offered May a hundred pounds down to give up the lease, but he was too wide-awake for that. You see when those fields come to me, there may be quite another town built upon the land, each house paying a good ground-rent, say— But we will talk about that, you and I, later on. You are just the girl to help a man on in life, plenty of brains, and—"

"I have no love to give you, James."

"Oh, that's all fancy, you will soon—"

"No, you must understand now, once for all, and for the sake of both I must speak plainly. Not only have I no love to give

you now, but I never shall have any, and I will not marry a man I do not love, be his possessions what they may. You ought to know me well enough by this time, to be quite sure I say just what I mean."

"But why?"—still unable to grasp the fact that any girl could possibly be blind to such advantages as he could offer.

"I have told you why."

"Do you mean that you care for some one else? Is that it?"

Barbara was above all else truthful, in speech as well as thought, and, taken thus unaware, she could not—her power of self-control notwithstanding—prevent the hot colour rising to her cheeks. But she spoke quietly and decidedly enough.

"I shall not marry."

He eyed her more keenly. "That is hardly likely, unless you have set your mind"—her heart did not enter into his calculations—"upon the unattainable, the Earl for instance?"

"That would be very foolish, since he is about to be married. It is only necessary that you should understand I cannot return your"—adding, after a moment's hesitation—"feeling."

At this he lost his temper for a few moments. "Then I can only say if my father had known that, he would not have acted so generously as he did."

"In leaving what he did to my mother and me, do you mean? Since it is to be plain speaking between us, James, I may say that he did not leave us a farthing more than we had a right to expect, nor, indeed, so much, considering a promise that was given."

"Well, that's plain speaking enough, anyhow! I did not know that any promise was given, but— Look here, Barbara, I don't want to quarrel, and I don't believe you will when you have had time to reflect, and recognise what is best for yourself. When that time comes, you'll find I haven't altered my mind. Let everything go on as it has been, and I promise not to say anything more about marrying until you are ready to listen. Is it a bargain?"

"Mother and I will stay on until Lucy is married if you wish it, James. After that, I want to make a little home of our own."

"But what am I to do if you go?"

"Oh, you will do very well, I dare say;" jestingly adding, "The Earl's sister is said to be fancy free;" telling herself he would very soon be reconciled to the inevitable,

and turn his thoughts in another direction. Did she not know what love was, and did she not know he had never felt it? "Half-past eight!" she ejaculated, looking at her watch. "I must be quick or I shall be late; good-bye."

"Good-bye, Barbara, though I don't mean to say that for good and all, no more than you will, when you come to think of it. I can wait, and we shall see," watching her with admiring eyes, as, with a light, quick step, she returned to the house. Looking in with a hurried good-bye to her mother and Lucy, she passed round to the front garden and thence to the high-road.

#### CHAPTER II.—A HELPING HAND

JAMES MORSE took a couple of turns in the orchard, note-book in hand, jotting down certain figures, and regarding them with a complacent interest, which indicated no divided mind. It might indeed be said that everything he did and said was likely to resolve itself into calculations, nothing being regarded entirely apart from them.

"James! James!"

His sister Lucy was running towards him in great excitement, her pretty dimpled face expressing as much distress as it was capable of expressing.

"Why what's come to you, Lucy? What's happened?"

"Oh, James, it's something dreadful, I'm afraid! John is here. He says he must see you directly, and— He looks so ill, and seems almost mad!"

"John! At this time, when he ought to be on his way to the Bank! Where is he?"

"Waiting in the parlour. He went in there, and says he must see you alone."

James Morse went with quick steps to the house, and through to the front parlour. The room of rooms, in the estimation of Lucy and her Aunt Martha, crowded with everything they could collect in the way of ornament, to say nothing of their own work, not a chair being without its anti-macassar, or vase without its mat.

The moment James pushed open the door, he recognised that his sister had no way exaggerated in saying that something serious had occurred. The gaily-bound books, usually arranged in a circle, had been thrust aside, one lying open as it had

## On the Safe Side

fallen on the carpet, and a young man sat with his arms flung out on the table, and his face buried upon them, apparently in the abandonment of misery.

"John! What does this mean? what on earth's come to you, Westbury?"

"Ruin!"

The sight of the white drawn face, and wild hopeless eyes lifted to meet his for a moment, caused James Morse to turn quickly and shut the door.

"Not been speculating and lost your money, Westbury, not that?" He knew that the other had something over a hundred and fifty put by; which, with

dismayed eyes; for the moment incapable of uttering a word. The truth of what the other said seemed borne out by his appearance. His very clothes had lost their usual air of neat respectability, looking,



"RUIN!"

Lucy's savings, had been intended to furnish a home, and begin housekeeping with.

"I've lost everything a man can lose that is worth having,—character, money, God help me, everything!"

James Morse stood gazing at him with

indeed, as though he had spent the night in them, and a very disorderly night. His necktie was twisted round, and hung limply at the side, as though he had been seized by the throat, and his coat was torn, and mud-stained

by being dragged along the road.

But it was the expression of his face that gave the strongest evidence of the calamity that had befallen him, in its almost mad despair, as he turned his eyes for a moment to meet the other's.

"I have come to you first; but it will soon be known all over the place."

"What will soon be known? Why can't you speak out?"

"I have disgraced myself—fallen so low, that no respectable man will take me by the hand unless—unless you——"

James Morse drew himself slightly more apart, gazing down at the other with a look which certainly could not be termed pity in his eyes.

"If you have disgraced yourself, why should you come here?"

"God pity me, I don't know. I suppose I thought—I hoped"—his eyes once more searching the other's face, as if for some sign of feeling, as he added, "We have been friends since we were boys together at school."

"What have you done?" shortly. "Why don't you tell me?"

"Listen then. Yesterday I was sent from the Bank with three hundred pounds to pay the men at the Grayley Iron-works. You know it was the day of the races at Durlan, and in the carriage of the train I got into were some men going there. They were talking amongst themselves about being behind the scenes about the winners, and the thousands that might be won. I kept a tight grip of the bag I carried, but presently one asked if I was going to the races, and said if so he could put me up to a good thing. I said I had to do some business in the next town—Grayley, and they chaffed me about not being my own master enough to take a few hours' pleasure, and make a profit by it. Then they all began making jokes with each other, and I couldn't help joining in the laugh with them. Oh, fool, fool! I did not notice that, while this was passing, the train had stopped at Grayley, and gone on again! But even then I did not see the danger I was in. I thought I could easily take the next train back, so there wouldn't be much delay, after all. I had only to take care that they should not guess what I had in the bag, and I was sure I could do that—so sure of myself! Then flasks were passed from one to the other, and I was offered some sherry; I thought—I think I did—it was best not to offend, and took a sip. As you know, I am not a drinker, but I must have drunk again, though I don't recollect doing it. I only remember being helped out of the train, and taken somewhere—I suppose to the

races, but I don't know. I can remember nothing more, until later on in the day, when I was being lifted out of some conveyance, and propped against a wall, while outside the railway station I heard some one telling the people, who had gathered round, that he had given me a lift from the race-course, having heard that I had taken too much to drink, after gambling and betting my money away. There was the empty bag by my side, and every penny of the money was gone. They gave me something from the chemist's, which sobered me, and I walked the fifteen miles back somehow, and came here."

"Why here?" shortly said Morse. "According to your own showing, you got rid of money that was not your own, and if you gambled and betted it away, I think you must have known a little more about it than you seem willing to remember. Things look very black against you."

"They are black, but I am not a liar, and I hoped you at least would believe me, when I say that I don't remember any more than I have told you."

"Your story is that you have lost a large sum of money entrusted to you, and that the only explanation you can give is, that you heard some one say you drank and gambled it away. If I believe only that, it proves you are not to be trusted. Now what are you going to do?"

"As soon as the Bank is open, I will go and tell the partners what I have told you, and put myself into their hands. There are the hundred and sixty in the Post-office Bank, I had saved, as you know, that will be part payment towards the loss, and if they are merciful, and let me off, I will work for the rest thankfully enough, if it takes the best part of my life to do it."

"But the disgrace will remain. You will not be able to prevent what you have done being known."

"I shall not try to prevent it being known. If they decide not to hand me over to justice, I will seek some humble situation, and work hard until I have paid that money back. If I have to go to prison, I will do the same when I come out."

"You will of course leave the enoir in any case?"

"Yes, I will go to the Vicar and tell him all to-night."

"Well, it must be good-bye between us, Westbury. I am very sorry, of course,



## On the Safe Side

but you must do me the justice to remember that it is your doing, not mine. We two shall be going different ways. We Morses have always kept a good name in the place, so far, and I mean to do as my father did before me. In fact, I think it is not quite fair to come here expecting me to allow myself to be mixed up with— Why did you come here?" he repeated angrily.

John Westbury stumbled to his feet, and stood gazing at the other in blank dismay for a few moments, then stammered out—

"I hoped—I thought— We have known each other so long, and—and— If you had fallen so low, and suffered as I do, I should have tried to give you a helping hand."

"A helping hand! Money, do you mean?"

"I was not thinking of money. What I hoped for was——" He gazed silently at the other again for a few moments, then added—"such help as you haven't got it in you to give;" seeing this all too plainly now.

James Morse was in no way touched or offended by the implication. There was even a look of relief in his face as he said—

"Of course you understand that it must be good-bye between Lucy and you?"

John Westbury became, if possible, a shade paler, as he replied in a low voice—

"I have, I know, lost the right to expect it could be otherwise, but— Well, God bless her!"

"It will certainly be very hard for her as well as me. Nothing but wrong-doing would force me to give up a friend."

Westbury looked at him once more, then pulled his hat down over his eyes, and turned away, going out of the room and out of the house with down-bent head. Everything was lost—his good name, the girl he loved, and his friend! No, one thing still remained, his will to right the wrong, so far as that might be possible.

This was evident when, in broken accents but without the slightest attempt to conceal or extenuate the truth, he told his story at the Bank. He had given no thought to his appearance, going there in just the same condition as he had gone to the cottage. The men who listened to his story were a great deal more impressed than they allowed him to see that they were. They, at least, did not believe they had a hardened criminal to deal with.

"You say you have no distinct remembrance of what occurred after you had been drinking?"

"No, sir. It is all blank to me. I only know I must have taken a great deal, because I was so long coming to myself. When I did, I heard some one telling the people standing by that I had betted and gambled the money away."

"Have you been in the habit of betting?"

"No, sir, nor gambling in any way. And, as to drink, I don't care for it; but I must have taken a great deal, for my head is not quite clear even now."

"Well, we will let you know what decision we come to in the course of a few hours. Your previous good character will be in your favour, but you are, of course, prepared to hear we cannot reinstate you at the Bank."

"I know that could not be, sir."

"And if, in consideration of your paying the hundred and sixty pounds, and promising to return the rest by instalments, we decide to take no further steps in the matter, what do you intend to do? Leave the town, and begin life again where you are not known?"

"No, sir, I should stay here and live out my repentance in the sight of men."

"That would be harder, but certainly braver, and, I am inclined to think, better for you, in the long run. Go home, put yourself to rights, and return here at four. Have you a mother and father living, Westbury?"

"No, sir, thank God they died believing in me."

"Take some food. You will want all the strength you can get if you are to keep your word, and set to work," put in another of the partners, striving to look more severe than he felt as the young man went out.

"No attempt at exculpation; no lying, nor smoothing matters over. A fine fellow spoilt."

"Or to be made," quietly said another. "The materials for reconstruction are all there."

Agreed upon the one point, they proceeded to consult together as to how they might best help him to begin life again, without appearing to condone a wrong. While they were debating the matter, the Vicar's name was brought in, and he was at once made one of the council. He had,

indeed, gone there for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any truth in the story that had reached him; not a little anxious on the score of one in whom he had taken a great deal of interest.

Whether it was in consequence of what had passed at that interview or no, it came about that an opportunity was found for John Westbury to start afresh. It appeared to him to come by chance, through an advertisement in a local paper to which he replied. But the owner of the iron-works, who agreed to give John Westbury employment in the office, was an old friend of the Vicar's.

"I can't prevent your suffering the consequences of what has passed, and I do not wish to do so, Westbury—some of us can learn in no other way; but I am very glad you intend to bear them in the right spirit. So long as you do that, making all reparation in your power, count upon me as your friend," said the Vicar, as they stood together in the market-place, putting out his hand as he spoke.

The colour rushed to the young man's face, as, after a moment's hesitation, he placed his own hand in the Vicar's, then turned silently away.

The Vicar guessed pretty correctly what was passing in his mind, and went off with a light heart, nodding and smiling to himself with the reflection that he had estimated John Westbury at his right value.

### CHAPTER III.—UPHILL

**A**FTER his interview with the Vicar, John Westbury was better able to bear the avoidance of James Morse and others, who felt bound to openly show their opinion of wrong-doers.

The story had been made public, and had not been contradicted by the delinquent, but rather confirmed by his subsequent conduct. Not many were inclined to regard Westbury's efforts to make atonement in the same spirit as that of the Vicar. The majority were more disposed to approve of the course taken by James Morse in marking his sense of wrong-doing, and were equally incredulous as to the probability of Westbury's efforts to make reparation being sustained.

As time went on, however, opinion began to veer round a little. To see the young man going to and from his work with down-bent head, avoiding notice as much as

possible; to hear that he spent his leisure hours in study, and lived upon the barest necessities in order to pay off his debt at the Bank, told in his favour. Moreover, he, so lately one in the choir, was seen to take a seat in a corner of the church wearing the shabbiest of clothes.

People were beginning to remember what a manly, high-spirited young fellow he had been before his fall; how generous, open-hearted, and ready to help others, and how intelligent. Some would have been ready to give him a friendly nod or word as they passed, had he not appeared too much absorbed to notice them. In fact, the ordeal he was passing through was a very terrible one to him, and his mind had not yet recovered its elasticity sufficiently to avail himself of such opportunities had he recognised them.

He only knew that the one thing he most desired was withheld. The Moroses' doors were closed against him. That he should still desire the good-will of James Morse was an anomaly only to be explained by his having endowed his quondam friend with qualities to which he had no claim.

With regard to Lucy he had given up all hope, or thought that he had, telling himself that he had no right to expect anything else than to lose her. Had she been willing, it was not for him to drag her down to his level.

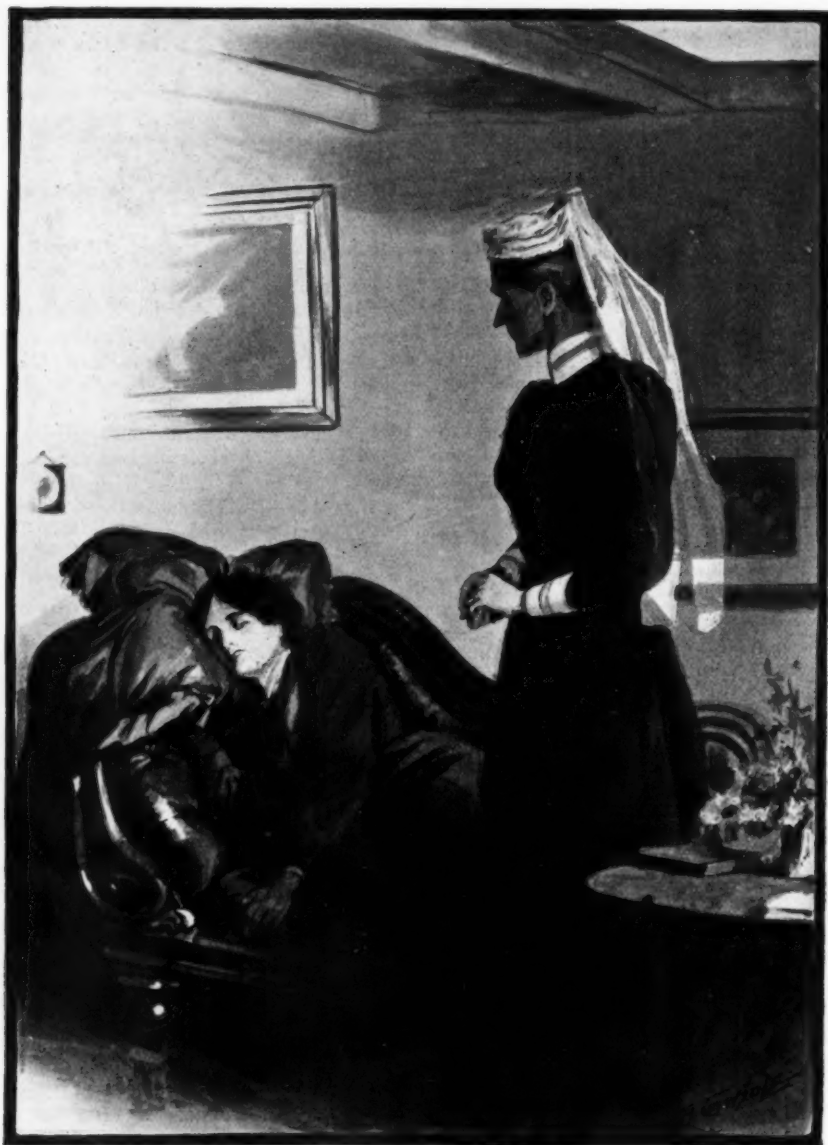
All this notwithstanding, he was very human, and the change he saw in her, when furtively glancing towards her as she passed in and out of church, made his heart throb heavily, and caused him many a sleepless night. She was suffering for his misdeeds, he told himself. That the shadows upon her pretty face might have been brought about by the loss of her lover, rather than by his loss of character, and that she adopted her brother's opinions simply because she had none of her own, he did not suspect.

Anxiously watching her, Barbara saw the truth. In her knowledge of John Westbury, her strong belief in him, and her indignation at Lucy being so easily influenced by her brother, she expressed her opinion somewhat too strongly. Once she so far forgot herself as to take the gentle Lucy by the shoulders, as though to try to shake something more satisfactory out of her.

"You never knew him! You never cared for him! It is only yourself you think of!"

"Oh, Barbara, how can you!"

## On the Safe Side



"YOU DO NOT REALLY DISLIKE JAMES, DO YOU, BARBARA?"

"You don't care for him now, anyway."

"How could I go on caring for any one who has done such dreadful things? James says ——"

"What does it matter what James says? Dreadful things, indeed! You, at least, ought to know that John couldn't and didn't do them."

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"But he is paying back the money, Barbara; doesn't that show?"

"Of course he would do that, since he lost it, and is honourable."

"But they say——"

"They who say he stole the money or gambled it away, tell lies."

Lucy could only repeat, "Oh, Barbara!"

When, in her desire to make things pleasant all round, Mrs. Hurst ventured to remonstrate, telling her that her lack of sympathy added to poor Lucy's troubles, Barbara was hard-hearted enough to laugh. Her daughter was just then more enigmatical than ever to poor Mrs. Hurst, seeming to have become quite combative, and difficult to get on with. This not with her mother—the latter could have borne that better—but with her cousins. Had James been more ready to take offence, and Lucy less timid, there must have been open and constant disagreement.

"You are so good to me, Barbara dear, and I can't understand why you are not the same to them."

"Because you are such a good old mammie, and think every one is as good as yourself."

"But don't you think you may be just a little——"

"I am not just a little of anything, dearie."

With which, accompanied as it was with a tender caress, the mother was fain to be content.

As his neighbours veered round a little in their opinion, James Morse found it necessary to explain why he could not do the same, and this being not very easy to do, he began to throw out hints, and make mysterious allusions to something which he knew, and others did not. He had, in fact, persuaded himself that John Westbury's confession to him bore but one interpretation—an interpretation incompatible with his having lost the money. Had he not acknowledged, in so many words, that he had disgraced himself and lost his character, and was that the tone one who had simply lost the money would take?

From persuading himself that John Westbury had been guilty of the worst, it was but another step to endeavour to make others believe it, as he told himself, to put them upon their guard against being taken in as he had been.

What he did say, and he said it very significantly, was, it was very strange and unaccountable that any man's mind should become so entirely blank about such an affair, and at the same time blame himself as Westbury had done to him. Moreover, he had at once acquiesced in the engagement between him and Lucy being broken off, which no innocent man who loved her

would have done. No; others might do as they pleased, but it was not for a Morse who lived respectably, and did his best to preserve the good name handed down to him, to associate with one who had, on his own showing, disgraced himself.

"The Vicar has not given him up, at any rate," said Barbara, after listening impatiently to one of these speeches.

"Oh, that of course. A clergyman would go to a convict."

"And so would a mother, or sister, or—a friend who was worthy of the name," significantly. "All do not avail themselves of a loophole of escape when one they care for fails."

"Would you have us herd with criminals?"

"Very few of us are good enough to do that—safely, I suppose. Besides, John Westbury is not a criminal, although he is being punished as if he were. No, he is not!"

"How can you be so sure of that?"

"Every one that has known him ought to be sure."

Such opposition as this had only the effect of rendering James Morse more doggedly persistent in the course he had marked out for himself.

"It is not pleasant to think that wrongdoing, or, at any rate, wrong-doers, may be defended by you, Barbara."

"I am what I am, James."

Yes, it was just her being what she was that rendered it so difficult for him to give up the hope of winning her. But how was it that he, against whom none could bring any charge of wrong-doing, could make no way in her favour? The fault was in herself, of course, but the trouble was, that although he would have been willing, in his longing to make her his wife, to trust to time and his own influence to overcome it, she evinced no desire to be improved that way. Any attempts at love-making were promptly and decidedly nipped in the bud, and he was reminded that his silence upon the subject was the condition upon which her mother and she remained at the cottage.

As Mrs. Hurst paid for her own board, and her services in the matter of house-keeping saved him so much, he felt obliged to keep to the compact, contenting himself by now and again hinting that, when Barbara recognised what would be best for herself, she would find him willing to condone her previous lack of appreciation.



## On the Safe Side

To Mrs. Hurst her nephew seemed just what he desired it to be thought he was, and her one ambition was to see Barbara his wife, and mistress of the house that seemed Elysium to her. But, accustomed as she was to turn to Barbara for advice, and, what was more, to act upon it, she found herself obliged to differ from her now.

"You do not really dislike James, do you, Barbara dear?"

"I think it would be better for you and me to set up a little home of our own, mother, and I shall be very glad when you agree to that."

"There will never be any home like this for me, Barbara, and, considering what we both pay, we are not living upon James."

"No, we certainly are not; and since you wish it—so long as he does not talk about what he calls his love, I don't mind."

"I can't think what you see in him to object to. So well-to-do and respectable as he is, many a girl with a nice little fortune of her own would jump for joy at being chosen by James."

"That's just what he would like, mother. He should go to one of them."

"It does seem hard for them, both brother and sister being so unfortunate, and both so deserving too! Of course Lucy isn't to be compared with you for cleverness, nor anything else, but she is as pretty a girl as any in the town, with her blue eyes and rosy cheeks. It is so hard for her having to give up John Westbury; she frets terribly."

"Frets? About having to give him up, do you mean, mother? Do you really think she does?"

"I know she does. Why, any one can see how changed she is, she that used to be so light-hearted."

"Can I have done her an injustice?" thought Barbara, taking herself to task for being of late a little hard in her judgment of Lucy. She determined to avail herself of the first opportunity of being alone with her cousin, to try to make amends.

"It must have been worse than all besides, for John to have to give you up, Lucy."

"It has been very dreadful for me," said Lucy, tears coming into her blue eyes. "Every one knows I was engaged to him."

"Well, you can let every one know that you don't mean to give him up."

"Don't mean——" Lucy gazed at her in dismay, too much astonished to finish the sentence.

"Show people that you at least know he isn't capable of doing what he is accused of."

"How can I know that?"

"You know what you loved him for, I suppose—if you did love him."

Lucy's love, such as it was, had been chiefly for his handsome face. She knew very little of the kind of love Barbara was thinking of.

"Of course I did; weren't we going to be married? You don't seem to consider *my* feelings, Barbara. You forget how hard it has been for me."

"Have you thought how hard it has been for him?"

"But I haven't done wrong, and he has."

"Better if you had, perhaps, it might make you more——" Barbara kept back the rest of the sentence, and made one more appeal. Taking Lucy's hands in her own, she earnestly recommenced—"What if your love could help him as nothing else could? Lucy, if I should happen to meet him, may I say you are very sorry for him, and would like to——"

"Oh, I don't know," put in Lucy. "I am not sure it would be quite right. James might think it wrong to encourage him to hope too much, and I ought not to do that perhaps."

"Not if he should, in time, show that he is all you could wish?"

"He couldn't make people forget. James says they never will."

"You never loved him! No, you will not fret yourself to death that way!" ejaculated Barbara, thinking of her mother's words.

Lucy looked at her in some surprise. "Why do you take his part so, Barbara?"

Why?—a sudden hot flush rose to Barbara's brow. She was silent a few moments, then in a low voice replied, "You do not understand."

Lucy was quite content not to understand. Dear Barbara was always a little different from other people in her way of looking at things, and it would not be right to be offended about that. Moreover, Lucy had now something pleasanter to think of. Had not James told her, only the night before, that everything was turning out for the best for her? She would find that she might expect a higher position than that of being



the wife of John Westbury, as he had been at his best. The only son of a well-to-do chemist in the town had talked a great deal about her to James, and had of late thrown out hints of his desire to visit at the cottage.

"Mr. Bently! His father is on the point

of retiring ever so rich, and they are quite genteel!" thought Lucy in a flutter of delight. "How can he care for me?" She glanced at the dressing-glass and discovered a satisfactory reason why. She might not die an old maid, after all!

(To be continued.)

## Cotton—Our Greatest Industry

BY GERTRUDE BACON

### I.—The American Side



OTTON is a word fraught with deepest significance to the British nation. Among British industries the cotton trade holds first place, and the scarcity or abundance of the cotton crop, and the vagaries of the cotton market, have greater and further-reaching consequences than can probably ever be estimated. Of late years the cotton question—viewed from its commercial side—has become a very serious one, and almost daily the newspapers devote columns to its discussion. The talk is all of millions: millions of hundred-weights of raw material, worth millions of money, on one side of the Atlantic; millions of spindles on the other, making their tens of thousands of revolutions a minute for the manufacture of the clothing of the teeming millions of the world.

The matter is vast in all its bearings, and only to be rightly understood by the initiated. The serious menace to our trade, the growth of the manufacturing industry in other lands; the importation of the raw cotton from Egypt and the Colonies, are questions that affect us all deeply, but to express more than the broadest facts needs the experience of experts. Nevertheless all of us can appreciate the wonder and romance of the great industry that half clothes the world, and the skill which transforms the fibre of a sub-tropical mallow into the basis of all wearing apparel. And, therefore, it may not be without interest to the casual reader—whose probable acquaintance with cotton goes little further than the cotton garb he himself wears, and

the cotton sheets between which he places himself at night—to take just a glimpse here and there at the workings of the trade to which he is so much indebted.

And first as to the country where the cotton grows. At the present time the raw material comes to us from Egypt, from India, Brazil and the West Indies; but it is from the Southern States of America—"Dixie's Land, the Land of Cotton," of the old Southern war-song—that the bulk of our supply is drawn. American cotton is the standard, and American prices rule the market. Therefore it shall be to the American cotton fields that we will pay our first visit, and find our way to some small township in the heart of the industry—in the Carolinas, let us say—and study for ourselves the manners and customs of its people.

It is altogether characteristic of our little cotton town that its two trains daily should arrive, one at six o'clock in the morning, and the other at ten o'clock at night, so that our first glimpse is from the windows of the Pullman in the grey dawn of a summer's day, with the sun rising over the interminable, desolate pine forests, intersected by occasional broad, brown rivers, through which we have been passing all night.

There is something distinctly depressing about these never-ending Western jungles, stretching everywhere to the furthest horizon, and broken occasionally only by a straggling clearing, irregular fields disfigured by blackened stumps, a decayed wooden shanty or two, and a row of round-eyed nigger babies watching the passing train. An unfinished look characterises the

## Cotton—Our Greatest Industry



A TOWN IN COTTON LAND

face of the country, here as elsewhere in America, to eyes fresh from the order and old-established neatness of an English landscape, and beyond this there is, moreover, in not a few places an evidence of dilapidation, neglect and failure, of itself sufficiently saddening.

But this latter element, happily, is absent from the scene of our destination. True, the houses of the tiny town-let are somewhat to pieces; paint, in such places as we are accustomed to find it, is conspicuous by its absence, its place being supplied by a superabundance of advertisements. The state of the roads would not be tolerated in the meanest English village, and domestic arrangements border on a primitiveness that is almost startling.

Yet the neglect  
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is not that of poverty or despair, it does not betoken lack of interest or lack of means. The people are well clothed and well fed, their eyes are bright and their faces contented. No, they are merely Southerners, living in a land where over-hard work is not needed to coax the beneficent soil to yield its fatness, where the country and its resources are so vast that as yet there is room for all, and the evils of over-population are surely yet many generations ahead;—where the hot, almost tropical, sun pours down for more than half the year with a warm prodigality which saps the energy and loosens the muscles of even the irre-

pressible "Yank";—above all, where the greater portion of the population are full-blooded negroes, whose blubber lips are always curled in a merry grin of lazy content, whose woolly heads are full of all manner of quaint whims and theories, but never of any thought for the morrow; whose twinkling eyes look out on a scene



THE HIGH STREET

main

## Cotton—Our Greatest Industry

of unrivalled disorder with perfect satisfaction, and whose supple, black limbs have the greatest possible objection to work of any sort, except under actual compulsion.

An antiquated 'bus, drawn by two good horses, meets us at the station, and drags us a mile up-hill through pine groves and cotton plantations where the tender green is just beginning to tinge the brown fields, and the morning air is heavy with the scent of honeysuckle. The dust rises in a cloud off the ankle-deep road, and as the spring-

mention occasional tree-trunks, is at all an unusual or alarming proceeding.

But here we are in the High Street of our little townlet, a townlet of Cotton Land. A double row of low buildings, composed partly of brick, partly of wood, partly of corrugated iron, border the uneven, dusty road. They are mostly "stores" for the sale of the most heterogeneous collection of articles, from Bovril to bicycles, from slippers to sealing-wax; and the store-keepers are all sitting outside on the raised

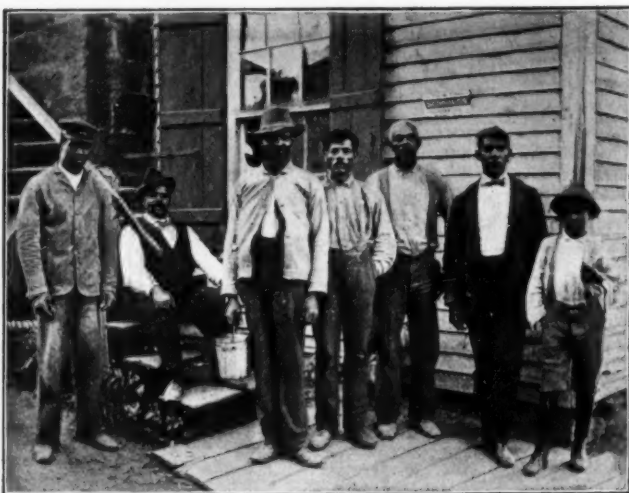


IN A SOUTHERN TOWN. THE COURT HOUSE

less vehicle lurches and sways at breakneck pace into ruts innumerable and holes that are positive wells for depth, we cling to our seats for dear life, until a halt is called while the little black boy on the box beside the black driver scrambles down to recover the stray baggage which has rolled off the roof into the way. The good Southerners are in ignorance of, or are supremely indifferent to, the fact that what they are pleased to call roads appear to an English eye only to be distinguished from the ploughed field by their superior unevenness; nor do they appear to consider that driving at full speed over banks and ditches, not to

footway (partly obstructed by chicken-runs and coops) on cane chairs tilted back at a big angle against the wall. This is a peculiarity of Cotton Land—to spend every possible spare moment sitting outside your domicile. We find it wherever we go. The landlord of the hotel passes his whole day sitting before his door; the editor of the local press appears to transact what business he has in a chair in the road in front of his office; the chief magistrate and the mayor are to be found all day long on the terrace of the Court House, and not infrequently we note the parson sitting on the steps of his trim little wooden church.

## Cotton—Our Greatest Industry



IN DARKIE LAND

But we are not only in "Cotton Land," we are in "Darkie Land" as well. Cotton and darkies go together all the world over, and the connexion between them is close and long-established. The blacks are everywhere. Black ladies in huge white sun-bonnets pass one by with stately indifference; black gentlemen, with flat feet and gleaming teeth, grin affably upon the stranger; black piccaninnies sport about in the dust. Black Jehus drive the local vehicles, black washerwomen do the laundry work, black waiters bear loaded trays of viands—fried chicken and ices, for the most part—and black chambermaids make the beds at the hotel. The nigger, who not so many years ago was the slave, is ubiquitous, and his slow, deep voice and merry laugh resound on all sides.

In the centre of the quaint little township stands the cotton market—a large wooden shed, with open sides, in which lie piles of cotton bales, samples of the produce of the neighbouring cotton plantations. Here or whereabouts we may meet the principal cotton growers of the district. Chief among them is one called indifferently the "Judge" and the "Colonel" (for he bears both titles), a fine old specimen of the Southern aristocracy, than

whom not blue-blooded Spain can produce finer gentlemen. He is a tall, massive man of eighteen stone, with a bald head and bearded chin, which he rubs meditatively as he talks, and he and his splendid mare "Black Midnight," whom he rides with a queer peaked Mexican saddle, form a striking and well-matched pair.

For the last seventeen years, he tells us, the *London Times* and the *London Standard* have lain daily upon his breakfast table; and, what is more, each single copy is preserved even now in his roomy wooden house down there in the pine wood. He takes these papers, he tells us, for the sake of their "style," and because of the interest that things English have ever borne for him. We cannot but wonder, as we listen to him,



A DARKIE FAMILY



## Cotton—Our Greatest Industry

how many of our own countrymen at home can boast a knowledge as deep and wide of English politics, English literature, English schools of thought, as this old cotton planter of Carolina, who has spent almost all his days among his plantations, and surrounded by the black servants, whom he remembers first as his slaves. Macaulay, Seeley, Kingsley, Hume, Tennyson, Gibbon, Byron, Lecky, he quotes them all in the course of half-an-hour's conversation. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, he

wood, among the undergrowth, lies a huge fallen tree, felled long ago and rotting on the ground. We wonder vaguely at the industry that has taken the trouble to fell a large tree only to leave it to moulder where it lies; but we learn presently that this is the work of the darkies in their search for "possums." So highly do they prize, as articles of food, these little animals, that they will actually take the trouble to hew down a tree up which one has taken refuge in the chase.



THE COTTON EXCHANGE

knows by heart. Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Rosebery, they might almost have been his personal friends, so thoroughly is he acquainted with their words and deeds.

All round the town, in the clearings of the endless pine woods, lie the cotton fields. The pine forests themselves are of wondrous beauty in the summer-time. They are carpeted with wild-flowers that we cherish as garden rarities at home, and little streams meander among rocks in whose interstices lurk unseen peril—puff-adders, "copper-heads," and the dread rattlesnake himself. Here and there in the

The cotton fields themselves are on level ground, or ground that has been artificially levelled by terracing. This is to prevent the denudation of the soil by the rainfall, for as deep a soil as possible is needed for the proper cultivation of the plant. Previous to the sowing the lands are carefully "bedded-up" and manured. The cotton crop takes but little of its virtue out of the earth. The same fields, in favourable parts, may yield good crops for thirty or forty consecutive years. If, however, a field shows symptoms of being worn out, it is allowed to "rest," or lie fallow, for



## Cotton—Our Greatest Industry

a few years, at the end of which time it is fully recovered and as fertile as ever.

The actual sowing takes place in the early spring. In the more southern parts it may begin in March, but where we now are it will be in full swing the end of April and beginning of May. Modern machinery has taken the place of much hand-labour, and the seeds are now dropped into the ground in a regular line from a "planter," a narrow, deep furrow for their reception being run immediately in front.

In a short while the brown fields begin to be tinged with delicate green, and soon the darkies are busy with their hoes among the crops, keeping down the grass and weeds, and thinning out the cotton plants, which stand, finally, in rows about a foot apart from each other. About the middle of July the first blooms—delicately beautiful, changing from pink to yellow—make their appearance.

The cotton plant belongs to the natural order *Malvaceæ*, of which the pretty purple mallows, so plentiful in our hedgerows, are the British representatives. The cotton flowers are large and very handsome, of a light yellow shade when fully developed, with a dark centre, and they are succeeded

by the round, fluffy "bolls" which contain the seeds, smothered in a mass of snow-white cotton fibre, which is the product of such supreme importance to the whole human race.

As soon as the first "bolls" have ripened a great crowd of darkies—men, women, and even little children—with baskets on back, swoop down upon the white-flecked fields and the cotton-picking commences. "Bolls" succeed flowers upon the plants for the rest of the summer, until the first touch of frost puts an end to the growth, and all this while the picking continues, being roughly estimated as lasting, in all, about a hundred days. It is a gay and busy scene in the cotton fields while the picking is in progress. All the ages of negro life are represented there, from the bent, grey-headed grandfather to the chubby piccaninny, the young girls with their frizzled woolly hair, fearfully and wonderfully twisted into little tight plaits, sometimes ornamented with white tape, curling fashionably, if somewhat rebelliously, over their foreheads, the older women with gaudy handkerchiefs knotted about their scantier locks. As the big baskets they bear are filled they are carried to the side of the



THE COTTON FIELDS IN THE SOUTH

## Cotton—Our Greatest Industry



A SOUTHERN COTTON PLANTER

field, and there emptied out upon sheets of canvas spread to receive the cotton until it can be carted away.

Cotton-picking is light labour, but very tedious, and requiring more skill and care than might be supposed. Careless picking is very ruinous, and often results in great losses, and it is hard to impress the light-hearted, happy-go-lucky negro with the importance of his labour. The cotton falls out on the ground and is lost, or its delicate purity is soiled with earth and dead fragments, or stained with its own juice. The rate of pay for the cotton-picking season ranges from 45 to 50 cents per hundred-weight of seed-cotton, and the daily amount picked by the black worker, who has no intention whatever of hurrying himself or of being hurried, is about 100 lbs. a day. A skilled and industrious labourer can pick nearly twice as much in the time, however, and it has been frequently said—perhaps not quite justly—that the production of cotton in the Southern States is only limited by the amount that can be gathered.

Of a truth there seems no end to the productiveness of the wonderful soil of the South, at least as far as cotton is concerned. In the great cotton belt of America, which

is bordered on the north by the 37th parallel of latitude, and on the south only by the sea, is grown sixty per cent. of all the cotton used in all the world, and yet it is maintained that this colossal industry, which employs over seven millions of people, could be increased eight times over, if required, without even enlarging its boundaries, for the cotton will thrive on all kinds of soil provided only the proper temperature, and— even more important—the proper humidity, be supplied.

And when the crops have all been garnered, and the first breath of winter has stricken the plants and dashed the fine yellow blossoms, there remains a great mass of white cotton fibre, embedded in which are the hard, dark seeds, which have all to be removed before the cotton is fit for the market. This seed-removing process is therefore of great importance. In by-gone days, and up to a hundred years ago, every scrap of fibre had to be picked over by hand, by the slaves, a work of extreme tediousness, since it took a day to pick only a pound or so. But in the year 1793, one Eli Whitney, whose name is rightly held in reverence in the South, invented the "saw-gin," by means of which the process of cleaning

## Cotton—Our Greatest Industry

was at once rendered infinitely more rapid and effectual.

Whitney's saw-gin is composed of a "hopper," one side of which is made of strong parallel wires placed so close together that no seeds can work their way through. The cotton fibre is dragged between the wires by means of revolving circular saws, and the seeds being thus separated from the mass fall down and collect at the bottom of the machine. This gin was originally invented for cleaning one variety only of American cotton; other kinds being passed between rollers revolving in opposite directions. Modern machinery has made great strides in later days, but the principle of the old invention yet remains, and the "cotton gin" is an all-essential feature of the Southern plantation.

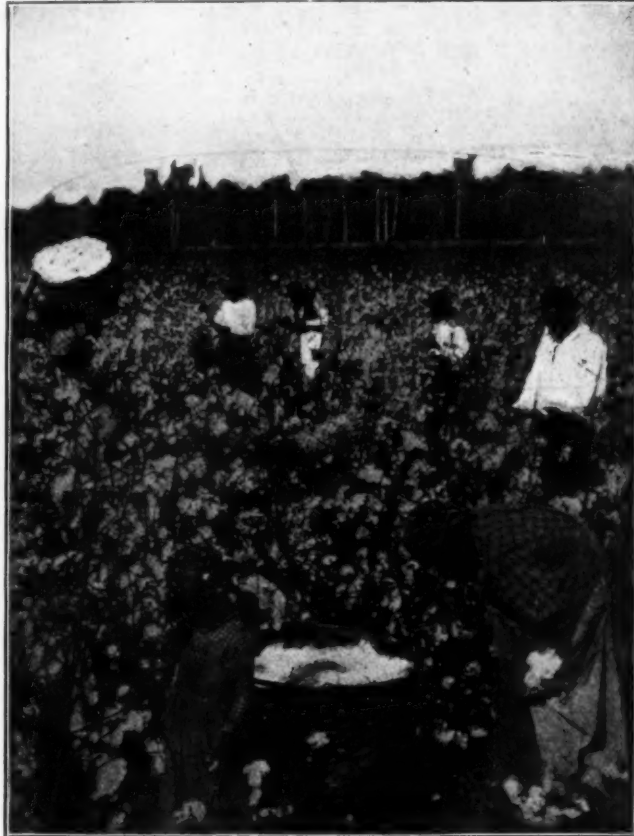
In former and less enlightened days, before machinery had opened up a thousand possibilities till then undreamed of, a problem which used to vex the souls of thrifty cotton planters was the disposing of the waste seeds which the gins separated from the fibre. After sufficient seed for the next year's sowing had been reserved, there still remained huge, untidy, and ever-increasing heaps of useless rubbish, disfiguring the property and almost impossible

to destroy. To empty the surplus seed into the rivers, as some did, was soon found to be bad policy; to burn it was exceedingly difficult and sometimes dangerous. But as years went by it began gradually to dawn upon the Southern planters that there was perhaps a marketable value in what they formerly so much despised, and at the present time the surplus seed is most profit-

ably pressed for oil, which is used for soap-making, or mixed into cake for cattle. Even the cotton-stalks now are employed for thatching and basket-making, and thus every scrap of this most wonderful plant is turned to practical account.

What happens to the cotton from the time when, packed in huge bales, it is hydraulically rammed down into the holds of the vessels that bear it across the Atlantic,

to the day when, perchance, it again crosses the water, this time as the finished article to clothe the backs of millions beyond seas, is too vast a matter to be touched on here, and perhaps may form the subject of another paper later on. How it came about that England, among all the nations, first gained her supremacy in cotton manufacture is a matter of history; how she must work to maintain this supremacy is a subject for our financiers and politicians.



COTTON-PICKING

## Some Men of the Oxford Movement

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT, M.A.



INDEED we, in the earlier days of the Movement, cared so little for externals that Newman would not have candles upon the Communion Table at St. Mary's. As of course you know, 'Henry of Exeter' (Bishop Phillips)

throughout his life vetoed in his diocese the slightest deviation from an almost Calvinistic simplicity."

I had known or known of Dr. Pusey, as a family acquaintance, all my life; by his courteous invitation I called upon him at his house in Christchurch, shortly before he died in 1882. The words just quoted were those with which he brought towards a close a long conversation he gave me on the relations between the first rise of Oxford Anglicanism, as a spiritual cult, and its latest developments in the ceremonies and costumes constituting ritualism. The business that took me to Dr. Pusey at Oxford, brought me also about the same time to Cardinal Newman at the Edgbaston Oratory, Birmingham. A prolonged interview with the two men in such quick succession could not but deeply impress one with the contrast they presented to each other. In one noticeable point they were alike. Notwithstanding the air of asceticism, the pallor, and, as regards physiognomy, the attenuation which were common to each, the social bearing of both was less that of a priest, Anglican or Roman, than of an Oxford don. Pusey, then comparatively little shrunk by age, did not seem to differ much from the figure so familiar to me in my own undergraduate days, thirty years earlier. That had been the time when it was still easy to understand why Newman used to speak

of him as "the Great"; for in those days the canonical surplice, as he strode from his house in "Tom Quad," could not conceal the form, originally developed by athletic exercise, of the English gentleman, born of a long line of squires and peers, and modestly proud of his ancestry. Newman indeed had also been a tolerably good rider in his time, different though from that of Pusey's was his earlier environment. In 1882, when I saw him, the animating and sustaining power within the Cardinal's somewhat shrivelled form was manifestly intellectual and spiritual; there were no remains whatever or suggestions, as in Pusey's case, of past robustness and physical activity. I ventured to quote to Newman Pusey's recent words already given; he received them with a silent assent and turned the conversation by inquiring as to certain relatives of mine, chiefly of the Barter family and name, one of whom had been his intimate friend and disciple in the old Oriel days.

Before giving further reminiscences of the two famous ecclesiastics already mentioned, or of those connected with them, it may be as well to attempt a definition of the historic enterprise, in Church and State, with which they identified themselves. The Oxford Movement, then, in the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century, may, I suppose, be regarded as the work of men of great intellectual, moral, and, in a certain sense, spiritual attainment. It was a grand and imposing conception, sprung upon an age, to which such a notion had become strange. For the old High Churchman, presently to be referred to in more detail, seemed imperfectly to realise what he professedly held. The earnest sort were for the most part evangelical. The Oxford idea of the last century's first half was an imposing one, full of humbling awe to some and of exaltation to others. That idea was the presence and operation of the Holy Spirit, not, like the wind, "blowing where it listeth," but communicating itself by ceremonial channels. It pervaded a vast spiritual edifice, consisting of a multitude of individuals,—but all capable of being identified as members of the whole



## Some Men of the Oxford Movement

structure. This was effected by an assumption that all Bishops were direct descendants of the Apostles, from whom they had indeed received, in unbroken succession, at the moment of their consecration, the special gift of the Spirit. That possession enabled them, by the laying on of hands, to communicate full power to other Bishops, as well as a limited power to subordinate priests and deacons, who were thus endowed with the prerogative of passing on the Spirit by Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Doubts indeed existed as to what was essential to a valid administration of Baptism. But, granting the administration of the rite to have been effective, every baptised person was a partaker of the Holy Ghost.

The early high churchmanship, being to the superficial observer a mode of orthodox conservatism, wore social aspects and produced types of personal character of which the present writer chanced to see a good deal before he was of an age to have much insight into the issues of the Oxford Movement. I used, in my childhood, to hear extracts from a really pretty family autobiographical poem called "The Cornworthiad." Its authors were the three brothers, my father's first cousins, in whose houses some of my earliest and happiest days were passed. The eldest of these, the Rev. Charles Barter, rector of Sarsden, near Oxford, gave me a home beneath his roof during my undergraduate years. Another brother, as Warden of Winchester, equally famous for his Anglican zeal and his physical strength, has left behind him a name, still often used in connexion with Wykehamist cricket. This was the Anak of ecclesiasticism, concerning whose physical prowess anecdotes, apparently almost incredible, are yet current. That the most characteristic, probably the best known, of these is free from intrinsic improbability I received some time ago a noticeable proof. The late Frederick Burnaby, who rode to Khiva and

who perished in the Egyptian wars of 1885, once took up under his arm, then held out, and finally running at the double carried round the barrack-yard of the Blues, which he was then commanding, a small pony, afterwards lifting it over a step and depositing it in the stall. Warden Barter's feat was performed during a coach journey between Oxford and his Devonshire home. One of the outside passengers near him, a blacksmith, had been talking blasphemous profanities in a particularly offensive way. Having borne it for some time in silence, Barter at last said, "If you continue in that strain I shall remove you from this

coach." The man's reply was to aggravate his offence. The blasphemer was forthwith lifted up from his seat and held out dangling in mid air by an arm that seemed unconscious of any special effort. The situation soon extorted a cry for pardon. The blacksmith having been taught his lesson, was restored to the vehicle and, on a promise of amendment, allowed to continue his journey.

These Barter brothers were at their respective Oxford colleges while John Wilson was at Magdalen. With him they formed the pioneers of Oxford athleticism, being each of them famous for running, leaping,

and hurling weights long before inter-university games, even cricket-match or boat-race, were thought of. All belonging to the pre-ritualistic, high church school, they were in the same degree the champions of muscular Christianity, the best part of half a century in advance of that cult's celebration by Charles Kingsley in *Westward Ho!* These accomplishments had been learnt at home, not acquired at college. The father of this remarkable trio, a Devonshire clergyman, being also a squire—a "squareson," in Sydney Smith's phrase—was rector of Cornworthy, near Totnes. Like some other devoted parish priests of those days, Mr. Barter kept a private pack of hounds, which showed



REV. C. BARTER



## Some Men of the Oxford Movement

excellent sport equally with hare and fox. The poem already mentioned ("The Corn-worthiad") commemorated the family group in such lines as these:—

"But say who dare in lofty verse  
The merits of that house rehearse?  
Their father often to their praise  
Thus much in merry humour says,  
Out of their reach they will not rob;  
Their names are Charles and Will and Bob.  
The eldest at his father's side  
In early youth was taught to ride.  
The others though obliged to run  
No whit the less enjoyed the fun.  
Next did the tyrant pedagogue  
On Lomond's banks their persons flog.  
Whence leaving now the school at night  
The first to Balliol takes his flight.  
The second, joyful as he rises,  
Visits the Thames before the Isis,  
And still to memory recalls,  
Old Westminster, thy sacred walls.  
The youngest, under Wykeham's sway,  
Was duly flogged three times a day.  
Until surprising all beholders,  
By leaping over ten boys' shoulders,  
He gained New College at a bound,  
And there his well-earned freedom found.

And deep in lore of Greece and Rome  
They sought for jollity at home."

All the three were bold riders. The eldest added to high courage great skill, and was almost as good across country as was his brother-in-law, Mr. Langston, sometime member for Oxford town, and accounted the best timber-jumper of his time.

Long after his early manhood, and when even his middle age had gone by, Charles Barter could never resist a little piece of quiet steeple-chasing. One of the recent Earls of Shrewsbury and the then Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce, were staying at the same time as myself at Sarsden. Some particularly precious and, as it seemed to me, quite super-excellent bottles of Bordeaux vintage had been produced in honour of the occasion at dinner over-night. The Earl, a great connoisseur, after critically sipping a few drops, slowly remarked, "This, Barter, is the best second-class claret I ever tasted." The next morning the Bishop, who was on a diocesan visitation, found himself due at a place several miles distant. Time pressed. The rectory garden was bounded by a little fence, leading into what is known as a fair hunting country. "By taking that short cut," said

our host, "we shall save so much time as to be punctual after all." We therefore all of us put our horses at the little barrier, the rector giving us a friendly lead. Then came the prelate and a domestic chaplain or two, the village curate and myself bringing up the rear. Dr. Wilberforce's seat on horseback was then loose, recalling to those who could remember it that of Sir Robert Peel. On that occasion, however, there occurred to him no mishap, prophetic of the fatal fall from his saddle, some time afterwards, on the Surrey Downs. We reached our destination safely. Dr. Wilberforce, as a preacher, never showed his peculiar gifts of sympathetic rhetoric and animating narrative better than on the simplest occasions. A sermon I heard him preach at this time in a village workhouse was singularly full of felicity and feeling. Every sentiment expressed produced the effect desired. Not a word was wasted, or could have been improved upon. In the drawing-room the same evening he showed a simple and kindly humour, reminding one of Sidney Smith. "Bishop," said a little girl, nestling up to him, "why do they all call you 'Soapy Sam'?" "Because, my dear" (patting her head), "I am always getting into hot water and always come out with my hands clean." *Pereant, qui ante nos nostra dixerint.* After all these years I can scarcely hope this has not found its way into print before. As, however, the present writer heard it, so he gives it.

The Barter whose portrait is now engraved in these pages, he of Balliol and Sarsden, the special friend of his diocesan, Samuel Wilberforce, was of shorter stature than either of his two brothers. His fondness for horses was common, not only to his family, but to the whole ecclesiastical set to which he belonged. The twentieth-century ritualism is generally Radical, often Socialistic on its political side. The nineteenth-century high churchism began by being more intensely Tory than Disraeli's Young Englandism. One of Keble's curates was moved to tears on hearing that Peel's Free Trade measures, which placed food in the peasant's mouth, would compel the great landlord of the district, a high-minded, if aristocratic, Christian, to put down one of his carriage horses. The transcendental idea of the gentleman, which was the basis of the old-fashioned Toryism, also lay at the root of the early Anglicanism,

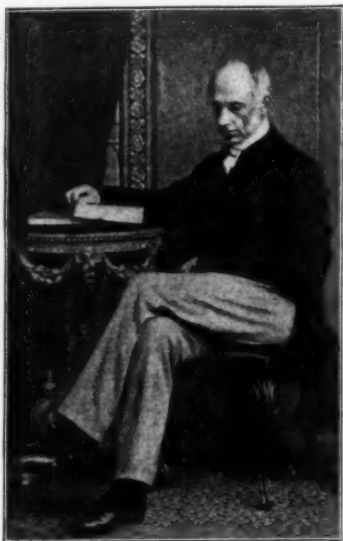
## Some Men of the Oxford Movement

and caused R. H. Froude to be the most reactionary Tory of his time. "Fancy," he exclaimed, *à propos* of one of the new M.P.s after 1832, "a gentleman not knowing Greek." The second brother of the remarkable family now mentioned was a fellow of Oriel together with the most famous leaders of the Oxford Movement. Their ideas of Church and State were also his. His love of, and skill with, horses was largely shared by them. The notion of Newman in his Oriel days being wholly given over to a sort of monastic rule is entirely false. He and Richard Hurrell Froude did indeed, at least for a time, succeed in expelling the after-dinner port from the Oriel common-room. But the "Oriel tea-pot" is a myth. So is the story that the Oriel man of those days, when dining out, was asked by the waiter behind his chair, "which tea he would take, black or green?" That, if true, would have only marked the reaction from the Oriel of an earlier and semi-civilised epoch. Like other foundations, that college had gone through its dark ages. Before the provostship of Coplestone, a courtly scholar of the old style, who became Bishop of Llandaff, Oriel enjoyed no reputation, either for the culture of its fellows, or the intelligence and bearing of its undergraduates. Coplestone's accomplishments and administration made it, for the first time in its history, a centre of Oxford, and even English, intellect. Then it was that it used to be reverentially whispered that "the Oriel common-room was like heaven." A generation or two earlier, the occupants of that common-room were men, mostly, if not all of them, in orders, who had dined at the high table in hall as early as four or five, who then went up-stairs for their pipes and ale till six or seven, and then returned to more tobacco, to the accompaniment of brandy-and-water.

In my undergraduate days the regenerated and intellectual Oriel of the Coplestonian

era did not seem to have departed into the region of very ancient history. The low church Edward Hawkins, who had owed his provostship to John Henry Newman's vote for him as against Keble, still pervaded the High Street, always in his cap and gown, generally carrying with him an overgrown family umbrella. The most picturesque survivor of the old Oriel set was the then Vicar of St. Mary's, J. W. Burgon, who died Dean of Chichester. "If," he once remarked to me, "Anglicanism was our foible, horsemanship might certainly be called our forte. Your own kinsman, W. B. Barter, in the excellence

of his turn-out, yielded to no sporting noble, riding out of the Canterbury gate to a meet of the Bicester or Heythrop hounds." If Hurrell Froude and Newman had not been, like Barter, brought up in the saddle, they were both experienced and skilful riders. One day, on the occasion of an expedition to Blenheim, Burgon indicated to me the exact line of country which, in a point-to-point match, he had himself seen Froude and Newman take, roughly speaking, between the Blenheim Park gates and a windmill or some other spot, in the neighbouring village of Churchill. Oxford, in the nineteenth century's second



REV. GEORGE SWEET ESCOTT

half, still remained more or less of a cloister. The married fellow and tutor was only beginning to be known. His children were not yet old enough to take the air with their nursemaids in perambulators through the parks. It was therefore easier than it would be to-day to realise the visions called up by Burgon's most interesting talk. One could easily fancy one actually witnessed the strong presence of Whately, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, then of Oriel or St. Alban's Hall, taking his string of dogs for a walk round Christchurch meadows, carrying several balls as playthings for them, and, when they reached the Cherwell, calling a halt, putting them through a series of little

## Some Men of the Oxford Movement

performances, and lecturing them, as if they too were frolicsome undergraduates. Since the days of Dr. Samuel Johnson, Whately must have been the heaviest feeder possessed by the University; he ate so quickly, as well as so largely, that mince-ment, or some easily swallowed viands of that sort, were specially provided when it was known he was going to dine. "It is for the principal (of St. Alban's Hall), sir," the servant observed to the helper, when the plate was brought round; and the portion had to be repeated. Newman was not only at one time Whately's second-in-command at St. Alban's Hall, he remained for years his most intimate friend, almost indeed till the day came when they spoke to each other for the last time, nor ever again interchanged words during the seven years that they so often passed each other in the street. Newman greatly admired Coplestone's prelections, delivered in the Chair of Poetry; he read them with his favourite pupils again and again, pleasantly pointing out where the Latinity was Coplestonian, rather than Cicero- nian. In the same way, *à propos* of Whately's logic, he congratulated its author on having written a most interesting book, and one in which there was no logic.

Barter of Oriel not only accompanied the earliest Tractarians in their rides, he was also himself a contributor to the *Tracts for the Times* as well as, independently of this, a most voluminous writer. A great friend of the Lord Carnarvon who, in reference to the Grey Reform Bill, said that every man who voted for it "must have a traitor's heart in his body and a fool's head on his shoulders," Mr. Barter

long held the Rectory of Burghclere and Highclere. Exemplary as a parish priest, he published in 1851 a large volume of essays, or rather pamphlets, whose character may be inferred from some of their titles:—"In Defence of the Christian Sabbath; the Church, her Priesthood and her Sacraments," "Lord Morpeth's Remarks on the Tracts for the Times Considered," "On the Exeter Hall Agitation," "The English Church not in Schism,"

"The Gainsaying of Core," "A Solemn Warning to those who pervert the Doctrine of Special Grace." The preface to these discourses contains words justifying, it would seem, what has been said here about the old high churchmen—"I have written the following tracts during the most momentous period of the English Church. I am a country clergyman, totally unconnected with any party of that Church, and therefore wholly unsupported by any portion of the religious press of the country." By those who knew both intimately, the present writer has been told that, in all ecclesiastical matters, the theory and practice of the Rev.

W. B. Barter of Oriel and the Rev. George S. Escott were identical. The latter of these two, my uncle, died, I suppose, a generation ago, and was known to me from my infancy. How far the high churchmanship of these men implied the doctrines which ritualism symbolises, it is not for me to say. What I know, as a fact, is that the decorative externals of neo-Anglicanism were as foreign to these representative Anglo-Catholics as they were to Newman and Pusey themselves, at the time when the former became Vicar of St. Mary's,—a fact for which, at the outset of these remarks,



*your faithful servant*  
J K eble

## Some Men of the Oxford Movement

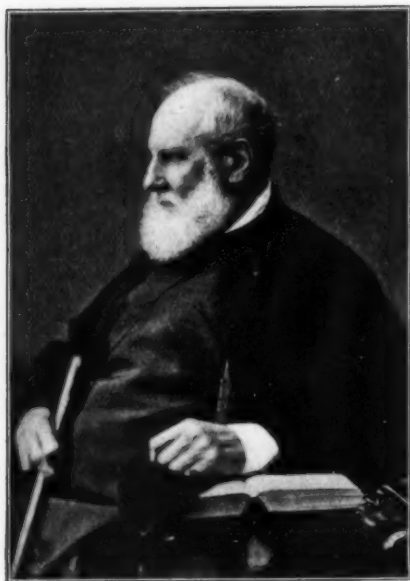


Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford

ARCHDEACON DENISON

Dr. Pusey's authority has been cited in the exact words that came from his lips.

Apart from the spiritual faiths, of which the neo-Anglican ceremonial is said to be the outward and visible expression, the chief connecting link between the high churchmen of the Oxford Movement and those who pose as their successors to-day is of a social character. There was, as has been seen, as little of the ritualist as of the ascetic in the representative clerics of the old school, of whom I have been able to speak here, from personal or family knowledge, and from the facts imparted to me in many conversations by Dr. Burgon and others equally trustworthy. With the conspicuous exception of John Keble, the first Oxford Anglicans moved a good deal in the best society of their time. The author of the *Christian Year*, whose private conversation with chosen friends was said to consist of brilliants and amethysts, had nothing of the man of the world about him. In general company he signally lacked readiness, tact, good breeding and that politeness which St. Paul commended, and which has been defined as generosity in small things. Some of his followers made a point of cultivating this *gaucherie* and angularity; it became a mark of

spirituality. Concerning that last quality, one of the old Oxford school, mentioned to me by Burgon, by a naïvely caustic and uncharitably inaccurate generalisation, remarked, "I wonder how it is that all those who, in after life, became famous for spirituality of character were in their boyhood most extraordinary liars." The social bluntness of the early Anglican, and especially the Oriel, school scarcely promoted the agreeableness of some of its members. Generally, however, they appeared in many drawing-rooms and dining-rooms where they might not have been expected. Lord Holland's "pet Atheist," Allen, was a special friend of Blanco White, the versatile theologian who, starting from the darkest spot of Spanish popery, travelling *via* the Church of England, landed himself in Unitarianism, but found time to write by the way that sonnet to "Night," which ranks with the very finest compositions of its kind in the English language. The art of saying clever things was cultivated in unbroken succession by the Oxford high churchmen from Cardinal Newman to the late Canon Liddon. The Dean of an ordinary Oxford college is a subordinate officer, chosen from the fellows to keep order within the college walls. The Dean of Christchurch is a Cathedral dignity as well as the head of the most famous of Oxford foundations. Tyler was the unpopular Dean of Oriel in Newman's day; he was charged with having written to the great Dean of Christchurch, Gaisford, "The Dean of Oriel presents his compliments to the Dean of Christchurch." Commenting on that form of words, Gaisford was said to have murmured, "Alexander the Copper-smith to Alexander the Great sendeth greeting." This reminds one of Liddon's *mot* to the first head of Keble College. The then Viceroy of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, had sent his son Hassan to study at Oxford. Dr. Talbot, a fine scholar but a bad coachman, took him out for a drive and upset the vehicle into a ditch, insuring a great shaking to its occupants. A few days later, Dr. Talbot, driving by himself, met Liddon, walking, and offered him a lift. In a moment came the witty answer, "Wilt thou slay me as thou didst the Egyptian yesterday?"

The men of the Oxford Movement, now glanced at, have been called the great spiritualising forces in the first half of the nineteenth century. They may have been



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so, but not exactly in the manner traditionally supposed. The one evangelical centre in Oxford of any importance during the Tractarian epoch was St. Edmund's Hall, then presided over by Hill, a good scholar and, in intellectual strength, not inferior to Newman or Whately. After Newman had disappointed his admirers by getting only a third class below the line, the lowest honour possible, he attempted no academic rehabilitation by trying for any of the University prizes. Together with Bowden, however, he wrote a poem on the Bartholomew Massacre designed, as in the preface he said, to show Rome in its true colours. This composition was hailed by many evangelicals as fulfilling the early promise which they had always seen in the writer. Independently of the Calvinistic element in his home education, Newman first made himself a spiritual power at Oxford by exactly the same methods as Wesley pursued, when a fellow of Lincoln. Newman's election to an Oriel fellowship was immediately followed by Bible-classes

and prayer-meetings after the pattern of Wesley's. In spite, therefore, of himself, it was as an evangelical teacher, not as a high churchman, that this remarkable man equipped some of his best disciples for their work. Soon after his secession to Rome, the services in Tractarian churches began to assume the ornamental character which has since been called ritualistic. George Anthony, Archdeacon Denison, like Barter of Cornworthy, may be credited to the "squarson" class. Even his high churchism long confined itself to an intolerance of the temporal power's interference in spiritual matters. The proceedings taken against him and their practical failure resulted in an alliance between himself and the disciples of Mr. Bryan King, the earliest champion of the prohibited vestments. From that time and that incident rather than from the Oxford Anglicans in the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century, must be dated the rise of the ritualism that is with us to-day.

## Problems of Bible Translation

BY F. KLINKMANN



SINCE the English language has become the general medium for commercial transactions throughout the globe, it is difficult for the Englishman, accustomed to find his mother-tongue suffice

his needs in the world's great centres, to realise how far-reaching are the results of Babel. Were he asked to name the chief languages of the world, a score or so would possibly exhaust his list. Yet the Bible, or some portion of it, has been translated into over 400 languages, while it is estimated that there are considerably over 1000 languages in which, as yet, the Scriptures have never spoken.

At the present time, to proceed from any one spot in the hinterland of Africa, making it a centre for excursions in all directions, every ten or fifteen miles will bring one to tribes speaking dialects that are mutually unintelligible. How far this state of affairs

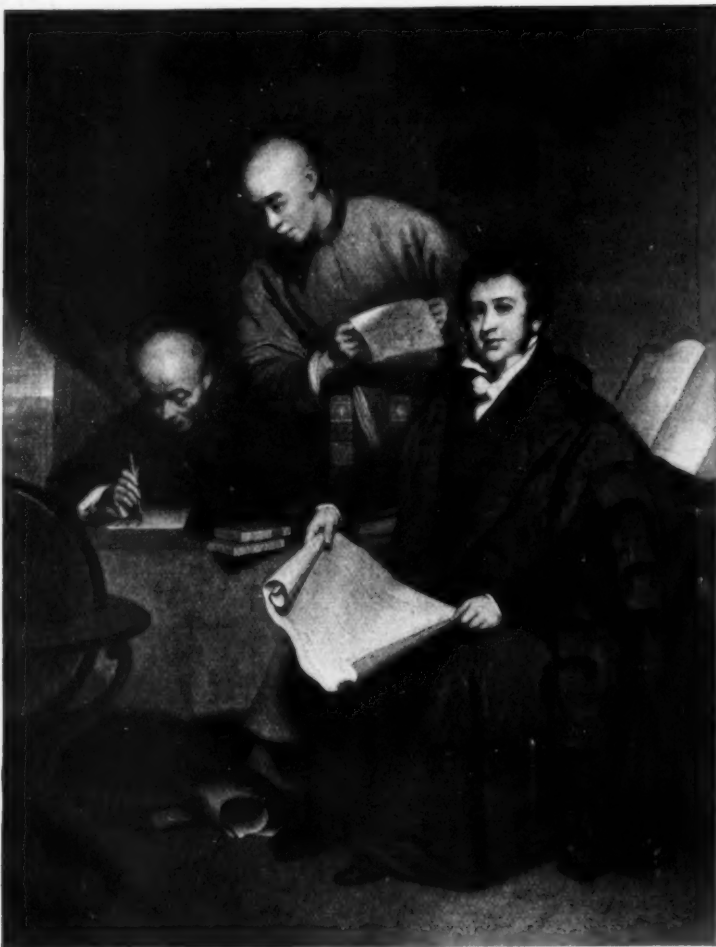
hinders the spread of the Gospel can only be dimly surmised.

The foremost agency which is grappling with this problem is the Bible Society, which has rightly been described as the world's greatest philological institution. Its historical list of versions includes no less than 370 different languages, a large proportion representing tongues which had not previously been reduced to written form.

On the shelves of the famous Library at the Bible House are 10,000 copies of the Scriptures in over 400 different languages. The majority of these volumes are the result of years of hardship, drudgery and peril. The difficulties which confront the translator are many. Not only has he to spend toilsome years in acquiring the strange speech, but in many instances he goes in constant danger of his life at the hands of the very people whom he is seeking to benefit. A striking example is the case of Dr. Morrison, the pioneer Protestant missionary to China. When he arrived in



## Problems of Bible Translation



DR. MORRISON AND HIS CHINESE HELPERS

Canton in 1807, for the especial purpose of translating the Scriptures, he had to work with the utmost secrecy, since even the best-known foreign merchants were allowed to reside in Canton (unaccompanied by their wives) only for one half of the year; the other half they had to live in the Portuguese settlement of Macao, while the death-penalty was over any native who assisted a foreigner in the study of the language. Morrison entered Canton in a business capacity, and became translator to the East India Company, who provided him with a hiding-place where he could carry on the Bible translation. This was in a warehouse, used for the storage of merchandise, which was lighted by small

windows in the roof. A low tunnel, through which a man could creep, was constructed of boxes and bales from the door, for about half the length of the building, then up to the roof and back to the gable, then down to the floor on the other side, and on to the end of the wall; in this way it wandered on and on, a perfect maze, till it ended in a corner where boxes were built up so as to form a shaft to the skylight. There Morrison worked, with two Chinese scholars whose confidence he had gained, until the colossal task he had undertaken was completed. He dared not ask the natives to his house, and so great was their dread of detection that they never came to assist him without bringing arsenic in order to

poison themselves should they be discovered by the Mandarins. The preparation of this Chinese Bible cost the Society £10,000.

It has been well said that "the difficulty of translating would be made more apparent to the mind if a man imagined how he would find means of communicating with the inhabitants if he were cast upon an island inhabited by uncivilised people. The first thing he would do would be to learn the names of things in common use. In this way he would gradually get a certain number of words which he would very carefully write down. Then he would probably find out that the people, as in certain islands of the Pacific, were in the habit of hunting for heads, and that on the return from a raid

## Problems of Bible Translation

they exhibited these heads as a proof of their prowess. If he tried to teach them better things, and to get them to understand the blessings of peace, he would discover that they had no word to represent that idea; the only word that would in any way approach the meaning of peace was one denoting a truce from fighting. He would also discover that these people were very suspicious, and that they would think he had some occult design upon them. It would be a considerable time before he could allay that suspicion. He would try to induce an attitude of trust, but would find that they had no word for trust. If he tried to speak to them of trust in a Higher Being, he would find that they had no word to represent the idea of God; as they did not believe in God, they had no word which conveyed the idea of the Creator to their minds. It would probably be a few years before any word could be found to represent to them what the Bible meant by faith." In short, it is impossible to find in the language of a savage people any words to represent the cardinal ideas of the Christian religion. These have to be taught, and it is often a long while before the teaching can be successfully carried out.

One great difficulty in Bible translation is the rendering into another tongue of ideas and words for which there is no equivalent. When translating the Scriptures into the Eskimo language, the missionary had to render "the Lamb of God" as "the little Seal of God," since sheep were unknown in Labrador, whereas seals were familiar objects to the natives. In some regions the sheep are entirely black, hence the difficulty in translating "white as wool." In many parts of the world fig-

trees, camels, snow, ice, and scores of other things of which mention is constantly made in the Bible, are totally unknown. In Idzo, the language of the delta of the river Niger, there is no word for girl or sister.

In the early stages of his work, the missionary—and the work of translating the Scriptures is largely carried out by missionaries—is compelled to rely to some extent on native assistance, until he himself becomes more familiar with the language.

In New Britain the translator was seek-

ing some native idiom to convey the idea of a binding oath, when a chief suggested that the desired phrase was, "I would rather speak to my wife's mother than do such and such a thing."

In New Guinea another translator was wrestling with the word "Love," and asked his native assistant what term he would use to express his fondness for whatever he held dearest on earth. The native promptly supplied the missing word. Later, the missionary was appalled to find that the word he had used signified to the natives "a liking for putrid meat." In British Columbia a missionary wanted his catechist to translate "A crown of glory that fadeth not

away." This was done to the satisfaction of all concerned, but ultimately the missionary found to his horror that it had been rendered, "A hat that never wears out!"

Again, confusion can easily arise from the fact that a phrase, if translated literally, will sometimes convey to the native mind a totally different meaning from the one intended. Dr. William Hooper had some curious experiences in this respect while translating the Old Testament into Hindi. In Isaiah xxxv. 15, one of the characteristics of him who "shall dwell on high," is that he "shaketh his hands from holding bribes."

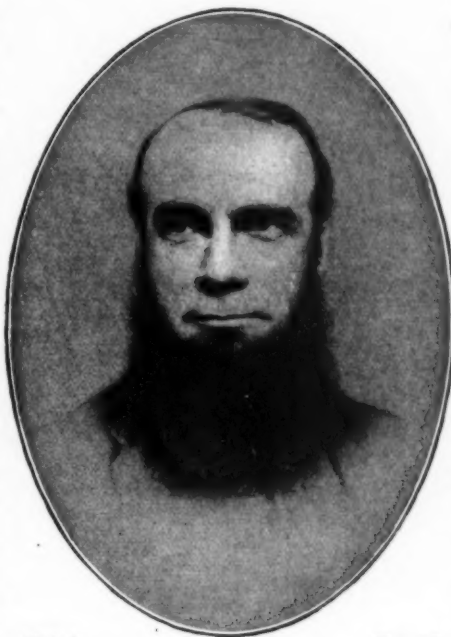


Photo by

BISHOP STEERE

Barraud

1828—1883, of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, who translated the New Testament into Swahili.

## Problems of Bible Translation

The Hebrew word for "shaketh" implies a jerking of the hand with a view to dashing anything in it to the ground. Hence the passage was rendered, "he that, if a bribe is slipped into his hand, dashes it down." The Pandits who were reading and criticising the translation said, "We know what you mean by this, but most people would conclude that the man was dissatisfied with the bribe offered, and dashed it to the ground in disdain in order to secure a larger one."

When the translators came to Joshua xxiii. 14, "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you," the Pandit said, "Then did Jehovah speak bad things concerning them, and did they fail?" So, after a discussion, the translators decided to put, "Not one thing hath failed of all the things which Jehovah your God of His great goodness spake concerning you."

Still more surprising was the Pandit's comment on Gen. xlv. 4, "Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes," which obviously implies *closing the eyes* after death. This was how Dr. Hooper and his colleagues rendered it, forgetting that the Hindus have not this custom. After a time the Pandit relieved his mind thus: "I can't understand this story of Joseph. He seems such a good son, and his father so fond of him. How comes it then that they have a stand-up fight, and Joseph, being the stronger, hits his father on the eye so hard as to close it?" There was no help for it but to render the passage simply "Joseph shall conduct thy funeral ceremonies."

That the work of translating and revising the Scriptures is lengthy and tedious is evidenced by the following cases. Henry

Nott, the companion of John Williams, spent twenty years in Tahiti in order to acquire the language, and another twenty years in translating the Scriptures into Tahitian. The recent revision of the Malagasi Bible took over ten years to accomplish. A missionary devoted twenty years to translating the New Testament into Matabele. The first 500 copies printed were captured by rebel Matabele and used by the braves for headgear.

To-day about one thousand missionary translators and native assistants are engaged in different parts of the globe, their work being supervised by the Bible Society and carried on mainly at its expense, and of these it may be truly said that the sun never rests on their labours. So long as there is a tribe without the Word of God in a language they can understand, the Bible Society will endeavour to supply their need, and so long as there is an incomplete or a tentative version, no effort must be spared to render it as perfect as possible.

Among the many versions being dealt with at the present moment is the revision of the Cree Bible. This is being

carried out by Archdeacon Mackay, of the C.M.S., who has laboured for forty years among the Cree Indians in Saskatchewan. In a corner of the Library at the Bible House he is now devoting the whole of his time to the important task. He anticipates that it will take him about a year to accomplish the revision. An interesting feature in connexion with this is the fact that he is working with a typewriter that has been fitted up with the Cree syllabic signs—truly a strange mingling of the modern and the primeval!

But when the books are completed and

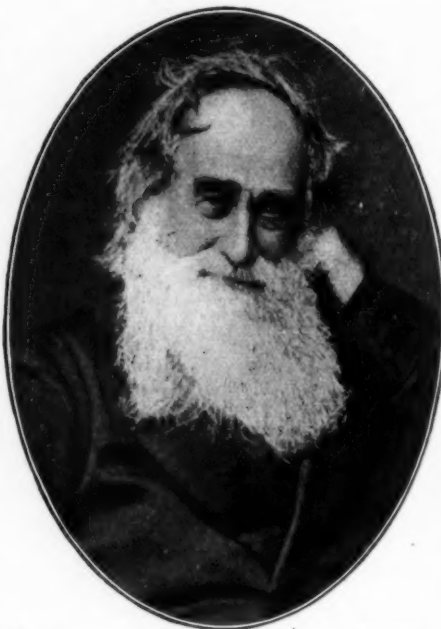


Photo by

Elliott & Fry

REV. ROBERT MOFFAT, D.D. (1795–1883)

L.M.S. Missionary in South Africa, who translated the whole Bible into Sechuana

## Problems of Bible Translation

sent out to the nations the toil is all forgotten in the joy of finding the Seed springing up and bearing fruit in the most unexpected places. Even when the people cannot read themselves, the Word of God read to them in their own tongue is able to do its own work.

The early Moravian missionaries to Greenland had laboured on for years, as it seemed, in vain, without winning a single convert among the dull-witted Eskimo. One day four natives drew near to watch a missionary who was translating the Gospel. "Tell us what you write," they asked. So he read aloud the account of the Agony in the Garden. As he read, the Spirit of the Lord fell on his hearers. They covered their mouths with their hands in sign of wonder, and one man cried out, "Tell me that again, for I also would be saved." He became the first Christian Eskimo.

Archdeacon Mackay recently told the writer of this article the following account of the conversion of a whole family of Indians through the reading of passages from a Cree Testament. "Some years ago, while in charge of a Mission Station on the Churchill River, about three hundred miles north of Prince Albert on the Saskatchewan, I had occasion to visit the latter place in the month of January. After I had accomplished about one-third of the distance, I happened on an Indian camp, and as a heavy fall of snow had nearly obliterated the track, I thought it advisable to secure the services of one of the young Indian men to walk ahead of the dogs drawing the sleigh. The last two hundred miles of the journey occupied nine days. We were always thoroughly wearied when we camped each night in the snow. Every night before we lay down to rest I read in Cree to my companion by the light of the fire a portion from a New Testament which I carried in my pocket, and then offered a few words of prayer. When we reached

the end of the journey I paid the young man for his services, and he returned to his friends, and I thought no more about the matter. It was no unusual experience in those days.

"Next winter I was travelling the same road again with another young Indian. Presently we fell on a fresh snowshoe track, and as it led in the direction in which we were travelling we followed the track. After walking some distance we saw the blue smoke curling upwards from a wigwam near some tall pines. When we reached the wigwam I took off my snowshoes and entered. I found that it was occupied by the parents of the young man who had accompanied me the winter before. When I shook hands with them the woman burst into tears. Knowing the ways of the Indians, I said nothing, but quietly sat down and waited. The man smoked his pipe in silence for some time, and then he spoke. He said, 'I have waited for you here. When you passed last winter my son accompanied you. He is no longer with us. He sleeps over there,' pointing towards the opposite side of the lake, 'but

Handwritten Cree text with corrections, including numbers 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, and various Cree syllables and words.

PART OF A PAGE OF THE CREE BIBLE, WITH CORRECTIONS, AS IT IS NOW BEING REVISED BY ARCHDEACON MACKAY



## Problems of Bible Translation

S. JOHN III. 16.

Oír is mar so do ghrádhugh Día an domhan, go dtug sé a éinghein Meic fein, ionnus gidh bé chreideas ann, nach rachadh sé a mughá, achd go mbeith an bheatha shiorruidhe aige.

IRISH (ROMAN CHARACTERS)

Canys felly y carodd Duw y byd, fel y rhoddodd efe ei unig-anedig Fab, fel na choller pwy bynnag a gredo ynddo ef, ond caffael o hono fywyd tragydol.

WELSH

Na, koia ano te aroha o te Atua ki te ao, homai ana e ia tana Tamaiti ko tahi, kia kahore ai e mate te tangata e whakapono ana ki a ia, engari kia whiwhi ai ki te oranga tonutanga.

MAORI

Siōng-tè chiong tòk siá ê kiá hō sè-kan; sìn i ê lāng m sái tām-lūn, oē tit-tiōh éng oáh; I thià sè-kan án-ni

CHINESE (AMOI): ROMAN CHARACTERS

Kale, omusana gwamwe gwake bweguty mu masoga bantu, balabe ebigambo ebirungi bye mukola balioke bagulumize Kitamwe ali mu gulu.—

GANDA (THE LANGUAGE OF UGANDA)

کیونکہ خدا نے دنیا کو ایسا بیمار کیا ہے کہ اُسے اپنا اِکوتا بیتا دے دیا تاکہ جو کوئی اُس پر ایمان لاوے ہلاک نہ ہووے بلکہ حیات ابدی پاوے

HINDUSTANI (ARABIC CHARACTERS)

before he left us he often spoke of the good words that he heard from you while he was travelling with you, and he left a message for you. He said, "Tell the Praying Chief that I am thankful I accompanied him last winter, and I thank him for the good words I heard from him. I heard of One who can save all who trust in Him, and I am trusting in Him to save me." And then, the old man proceeded, 'he told me and his mother and brothers and sisters to try to follow Him, and this is what I have waited here for, to give you the message from my

boy, and to tell you that we all want to follow Him.'"

The following literal translation of a letter just received at the Bible House speaks for itself. It is from a small congregation of native Tibetan Christians in connexion with the Moravian Mission at Leh, a town in Little Tibet, 11,500 feet above the sea level:—

"The object of our writing to those friends at London who are furthering religious teaching (the Bible Society) is this. According to Bishop La Trobe's letter you are causing the Bible to be printed in different languages, in order to spread it everywhere. So you have also kindly thought of the people who live in Tibet, in the snow-covered mountains of the Himalayas. You had the Scriptures translated into Tibetan and then printed in type. Here, in our Ladakh congregation, all the old ones, as well as the young ones, even the children, everybody finds it now easy to read and clear to understand. Therefore do we—Zacharia, Shamuel (the writer of the letter), Jonathan, and all the other of our little Christian community in this place, all old and young—thank you, our friends of the Bible Society, very much. Though we brethren here are weak and unlearned, our missionaries make us all, adults and children, read the Scriptures continually, and by their explaining them to us clearly we get to comprehend

the meaning of them more fully from day to day, and we are thankful for it.

"By your serving Jesus Christ our Saviour with all your soul and mind, you have not only caused us unintelligent ones great joy, but we also wish now from the bottom of our hearts to serve our Lord to our best ability.

"And now, you brethren, that you may always be able to serve God, may strength and wisdom, a pure heart, and good counsel be given to you by our Lord, and may He bless all the work which you are doing. Amen.



## Problems of Bible Translation

"Whatever may come upon us in this life, be it joy or grief, may we all be able to depart this life unseparated from the love of Christ, which passeth all knowledge.

"Sent from Leh the 13th of August 1903,  
by

"OLD ZACHARIA,  
SHAMUEL (the writer of the letter),  
JONATHAN,  
and all others, young and old.'

In celebrating its Centenary the Bible

Society is asking for special donations from Christian people all over the world in order that it may be enabled to send God's Message to the millions of people who yet sit in darkness, with not so much as a single line of the Scriptures in their own tongue. If all who possess Bibles of their own would give according to their ability, the sum asked for—250,000 guineas—could be raised over and over again. All donations sent to the Editor of *The Leisure Hour* will be duly acknowledged in these pages.



From the picture by

UNDER THE SPELL OF POETRY

Hans Volkner

# German Municipal Effort and the Dresden "Towns" Exhibition

BY LOUIS ELKIND, M.D.



ANY years before Diocletian became Roman Emperor, when, in fact, he was merely the humble centurion Diocles, a waiting-maid on one occasion said to him, "Nothing will ever become of you, for you spend no money;" to which he replied, "I shall spend a great deal of money when I am an Emperor." "On what?" queried his critic, somewhat sarcastically. "On the embellishment of cities, which represent the wealth and prosperity of a nation." And Diocles kept his word, for all over the Empire which he ruled magnificent buildings sprang up, and the palace which he had constructed for himself at Salona, though now a ruin, bears conclusive evidence of the grandeur of his architectural ideas.

What Diocletian did many centuries ago has been done by others in more modern times, for the erection of large and imposing buildings specially intended for the use of the community at large is one of the most striking features of general progress, especially during the last sixty or seventy years. This remark applies more or less to all civilised countries, but at the same time it is safe to say that nowhere has this been more apparent than in Germany. Some of the most famous of German towns rose into power and opulence in the course of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—that is, after the time of the Crusades, to put it briefly—and attained such a position that Pope Pius II., Æneas Silvius Piccolomini, could scarcely find words strong enough—"Where is a German inn," he exclaims, "at which silver plate is not used? What citizen woman, not necessarily noble, does not adorn herself with gold ornaments?"—to express his admiration of German municipal life as it was at that time. Unfortunately, however, this flourishing condition did not remain stationary, for a

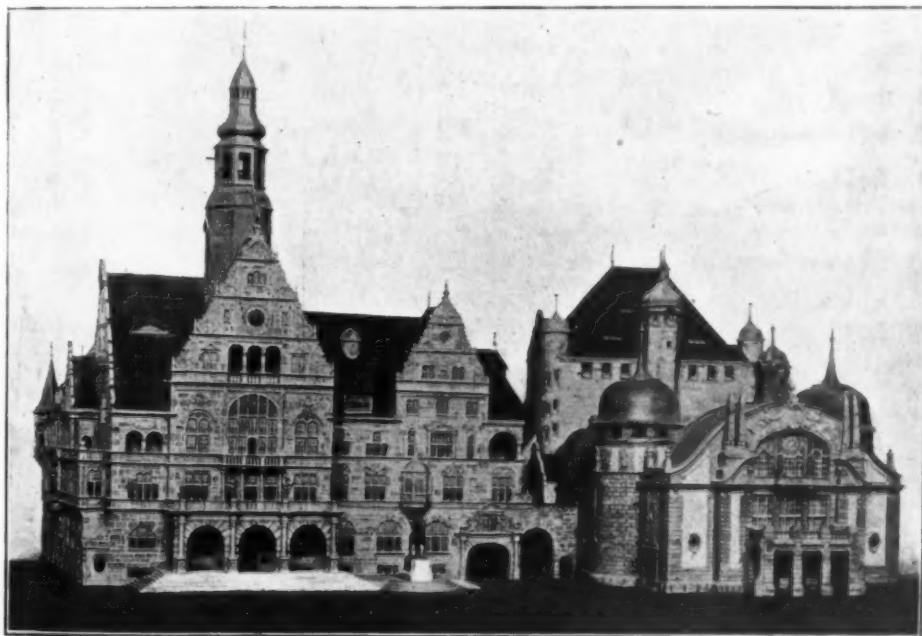
marked retrogression soon made its appearance, so much so indeed that the towns, taking them as a whole, became impoverished, the municipal spirit slumbered, and very little, as a matter of fact, was done either for the health of the community or the appearance of the place in which they lived. But early in the eighteenth century, even before the close of the tremendous struggle in which nearly all the energies of Europe were engaged for a considerable period, there took place what may be termed a conspicuous revival of municipal enterprise, a fact which no historian could have more beautifully recorded than is illustrated by the well-known poem of von Schenkendorff, in which he sings of the importance of the development in cities of culture and social enterprise. Subsequently, however, the tendency was hindered somewhat by internal and external trouble of various kinds, but it is gratifying to note that since the time of the Franco-German War it has gone on unchecked. Of course thirty-two years is but a short time, comparatively speaking, in the history of a municipality, but the work of a municipal character which has been accomplished in Germany since the year 1871 has been simply enormous. This is a most important matter as far as the future destinies of the Fatherland are concerned, for in no other country on the continent of Europe are there—I believe—so many great towns as there are within the German Empire. Fortunately for the country, though the nobility have been, and particularly so in the early part of the last century, content to immure themselves in their castles and there study literature, music and the fine arts, the energetic men who have done so much to make Germany what she is to-day—I am referring to the wealthy merchants, manufacturers, bankers, and so on—have shown a remarkable readiness to devote some of their time, of which they have not too much to spare, to the consideration and management of the public affairs of the community in

<sup>1</sup> Copyright in United States of America, by Dr. Louis Elkind.

## German Municipal Effort

which they reside. As examples of this one may mention Hamburg and Nuremberg, both of them splendidly governed cities, in each of which the administrative body is largely composed of the ablest practical men. From this class a great many of the mayors, who are more or less permanent officials, have been obtained, men who, as is usually the case, have shown unusual capacity as lawyers, and who are thus peculiarly fitted to take the leading part in the management of somewhat complicated affairs. It has been

said half a century ago, the corporate life of a borough or a city was little more than a name. As likely as not the only municipal building was a town-hall. There was no free library, no market-house, no baths, no infirmary, the gas and water supply came from a private company; and had any one declared that it was the duty of the municipal authorities to place at the disposal of the public, say, an omnibus service, he would have been regarded as a visionary, and, no doubt, his tendencies would have been looked upon as those



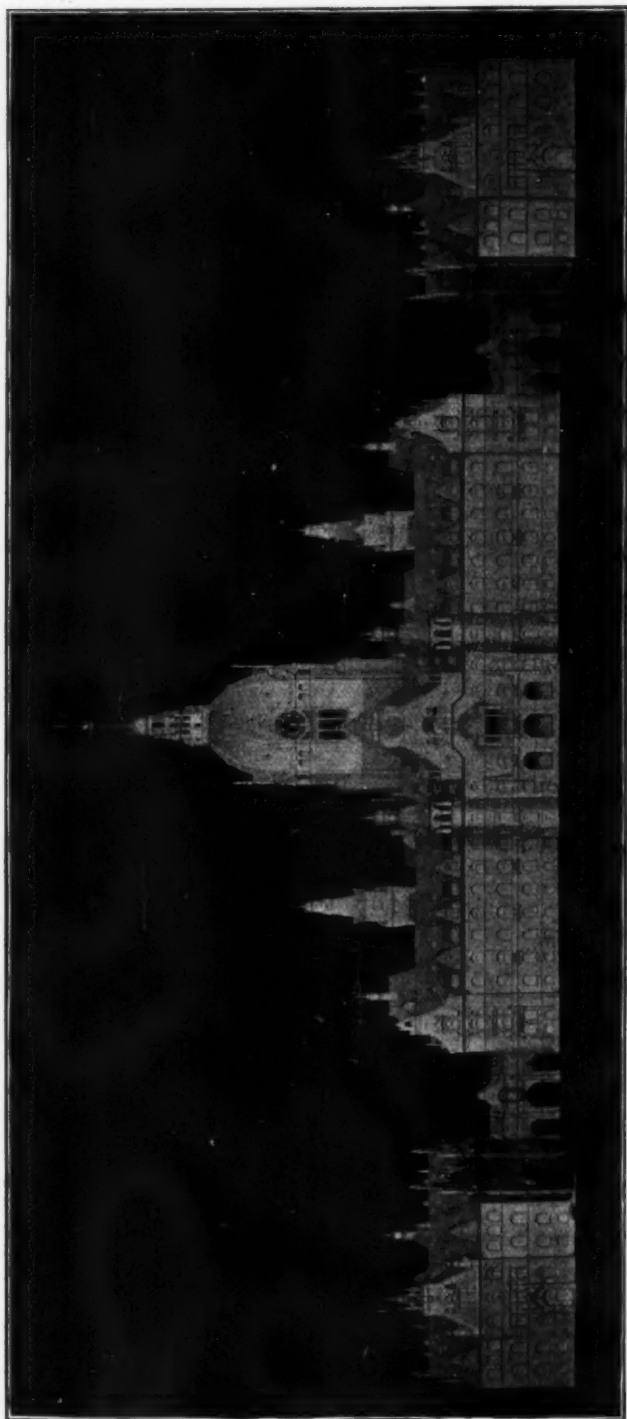
MODEL OF THE TOWN-HALL IN BIELEFELD

found that the experience gained in municipal administration serves as an excellent preparation for statesmanship, and several very able Ministers of the Crown, including the late Herr von Miquel, Minister of Finance, who was Burgomaster of Frankfurt prior to his joining the Cabinet, first attracted notice as members of a municipal council chamber. In writing on this point one is naturally reminded of Mr. Chamberlain, who, before he entered Parliamentary life, had earned a well-deserved reputation as an admirable organiser of municipal affairs.

Three-quarters of a century, it might be

of a pronounced Socialist. But totally different ideas prevail now-a-days. Everything that can possibly be done to make a town an agreeable and convenient place to live in is carried out, no matter how enormous the cost may be. In every German town of some considerable size the municipality owns or manages the schools, the hospitals, the baths and wash-houses, the parks, the tramway and telephone services and the fire brigade, the water, gas and electric supplies, an assembly-room, a theatre, an art gallery, and, of course, a town-hall. But the mere establishment of these institutions is not

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NEW TOWN-HALL IN HANOVER

everything, for something besides utility is striven for; happily, the authorities never lose sight of the fact that their work should be conducted with the fullest possible regard for aesthetics and hygiene. This is no light task, and involves much anxiety, for, apart from every other consideration, the attractiveness and tastefulness of the public buildings are, to a very considerable extent, a reflection of the degree of culture to which the citizens have attained.

With the principal object of showing how far the municipal idea, as it may be called, has developed in Germany, an exhibition of a unique character was recently held in Dresden—"the German Florence," as Herder, the great poet, was wont to call it.

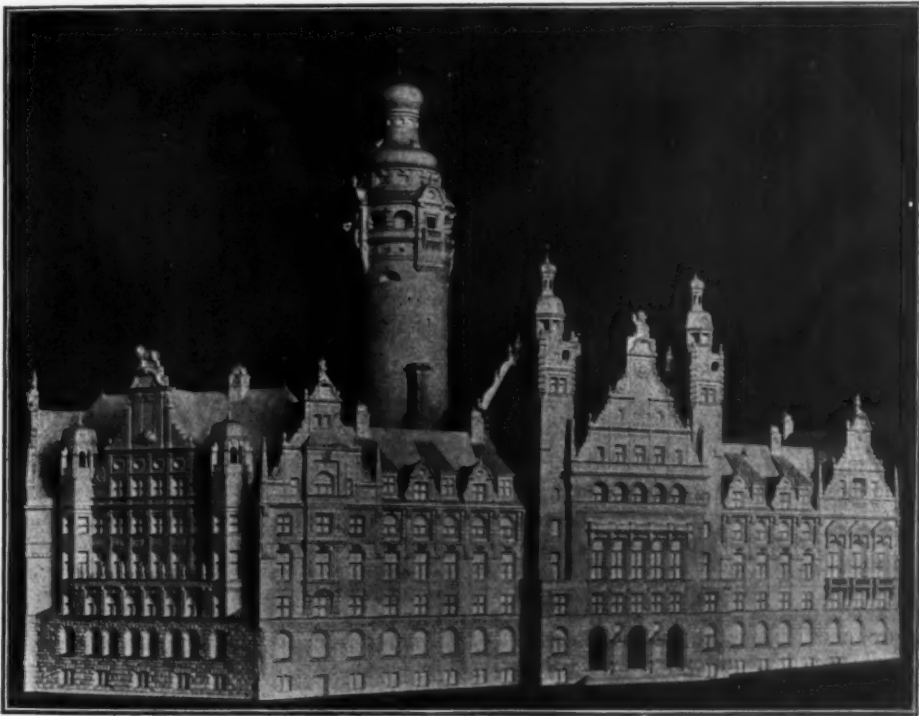
This exhibition, called "The Dresden 'Towns' Exhibition," was opened, as it may be mentioned from the historic point of view, on the 28th of May, 1903, and closed at the beginning of October. Whatever anticipations of success its promoters may have formed, their expectations were certainly far below the actual results. Half the cost had been covered at the end of three weeks, and at the beginning of July—that is, about six weeks after the opening day—the receipts amounted to a sum equal to the total outlay of the

## German Municipal Effort

venture up till then, and therefore the proceeds of the last twelve weeks, less working expenses, were profit. What the dividend on the capital is to be has not yet been made known, but in all probability it will be well over one hundred per cent. The exhibition served a double purpose, for, apart from the object in view already mentioned, it brought about an exchange of ideas, not verbally but illustratively, between the municipal authorities

after examining carefully as much as he could, made a speech in which he said that the exhibition had afforded him unusual interest and pleasure.

Coming now to details, it may be said that there was on exhibition either examples of or models of practically everything which is of importance to municipal well-being. There were the latest appliances for fighting the flames, examples of the most convenient, attractive, and well-fitted tramway



NEW TOWN-HALL IN LEIPZIG

of different towns, a circumstance which, as there is every reason to assume, will do much to bring about a general improvement in the present prevailing conditions, which are by no means all that might be desired. Further, it brought forth evidence of the closeness with which municipal affairs are being watched by the Imperial Government, for among the many distinguished people who visited Dresden for the purpose of seeing the exhibition was Count von Bülow, who was the chief patron of the undertaking. The Imperial Chancellor spent a long time in the buildings, and,

cars, and various specimens of the best means of public illuminations; there were public ambulances, telephones, and a thousand and one other things; but what attracted most attention—a fact to which the great success of the exposition is in no small measure due—were the perfectly finished models of town-halls, churches, hospitals, and crematoria. Everything was so well and methodically arranged that even the person who had paid very little attention to such subjects would gain a very good idea of municipal effort from what he saw, while the man who had some



## German Municipal Effort

particular knowledge, especially if he were a technical student, had brought home to him not only a clear perception of what had been done, but some idea of what can and will be done in the future.

This more or less complete survey of municipal achievement, effort, and ideals was divided into eight sections, each of which was sub-divided. The regulation of traffic, lighting, the police and police-courts, ordinary and model dwelling-houses, public education, the care of the poor and the sick, benevolent institutions and charity schools, savings banks, the financial administration of municipalities, rates and taxes, municipal pawnshops, the construction of shops and offices, infectious and common diseases and their prevention and cure, safeguards against fire, parks and open spaces, the growth of towns—these, together with the features already mentioned, are among the numerous matters of municipal life which the exhibition illustrated, and, as one may say, illuminated, and as one hundred and twenty-eight communities, including practically the whole of the towns and cities of any particular size, contributed officially, it can well be understood how complete and thoroughly representative the whole display was.

In the midst of so much that was interesting, the models of the town-halls undoubtedly received the greatest amount of attention, partly because of their intrinsic worth, partly because a town-hall is in almost every case the most important building of a town, the heart, as it were, of a community. Some of these models reproduced in wonderful perfection of detail the external appearance of really splendid structures, and none more so than those sent from Bielefeld, Hanover, and Leipzig, photographic illustrations of which are here given. The Bielefeld model was specially interesting from the fact that it represented the first attempt to unite, satisfactorily and with pleasing effect, a municipal theatre to the town-hall. The theatre, it will be noticed, stands to the right in the photograph and is not in the same style as the larger building, the two being designed by different architects of high repute. Both styles are German, though that of the theatre is the more so of the two, and they present an appearance which is certainly not inharmonious. It may be wondered why two such structures should be put together in this way. The

reason is none other than the desire to obtain a large and imposing effect. There is at least one other great composite building in Germany erected by the municipality, and that is in Nuremberg. A model of it was exhibited. It consists of a theatre and a large assembly-hall, the former being to the right. The two are joined by a transverse building, which contains a vestibule and cloak-rooms attached to the assembly-hall, and lavatory and crush-room for the theatre. A large dome-covered structure allows of the necessary height above the stage, and this prominent feature of the whole building rendered necessary a tower of considerable height which is attached to the assembly-hall. The tower is merely of decorative value, being a counterweight to the dome. The effect gained, however, is splendid, the clear outlines and substantial grace of the composite structure being considerably heightened by these two prominences, which can be seen from many parts of the city. The citizens were very anxious that this building should be to them a source of legitimate pride, and a hot dispute raged in 1899 as to what style it should be built in. The Hanover town-hall, which has just been built at a cost of £300,000, is another splendid building. It is more like a Royal palace than the head-quarters of a municipality, for it displays the full symmetry of the Gothic Renaissance style and is expansively elegant to a degree. But of all German town-halls, perhaps none is so grand as that of Leipzig. It is massive, yet light, and the great tower springs from its centre boldly, clearly and majestically. And, moreover, it looks what it actually is: it could scarcely be taken for anything else than a town-hall: it was obviously built to serve several public purposes, and is well adapted for each one of them. Independent in outline, a close examination of the portrait will show that every part is in a different design and is differently shaped. Internally, it may be mentioned, the same characteristic is to be observed; the banqueting-hall, the councillors' chamber, the offices, and the other departments are each in a style which is suitable for the use to which it is put. The consequence is, that any one who makes a tour of inspection through the building is constantly receiving new impressions, and yet, despite this, there is no want of architectural harmony. The

## German Municipal Effort

Leipzig town-hall may be described as the show town-hall of the Fatherland.

Particularly interesting also were the models of schools, of which a large number were exhibited. The Berlin school-buildings have such a high reputation in Germany for their general excellence that most people expected to find the models of them the best of those shown. This, however, did not prove to be the case, for the general opinion was that the Munich models surpassed all the others. Munich has long been famous for buildings of much architectural beauty, and many very fine structures have been raised during quite recent years. Among these are a number of schools, seven of the most perfect kind having been erected in one year, namely, 1898. Each of these seven was reproduced in miniature form and exhibited at Dresden. But, nevertheless, it deserves to be pointed out that the Berlin models were, on the whole, very little inferior. Twelve of them represented schools built in the German capital recently, and though the style in each case is simple and practical, from every point of view, there is a grace and attractiveness which is very pleasing, hence the excellent impression they have made on the visitors.

A model of a striking character was that of the Brandenburg (Maerkisch) Museum in Berlin, a show place which is not nearly so well known either to Germans or to foreign visitors as it ought to be. This Museum attempts to illustrate as far as is possible the life, character, intellect, habits, pursuits, games, amusements, methods of warfare, and general characteristics of the people of Brandenburg in general, and Berlin in particular, of the past and the present, and the architect who designed the shell which holds the "Maerkisch" treasures and specimens was guided not only by the ambition to make the building thoroughly typical of Brandenburg—and he adopted the old Brandenburg style—but that each department of it should be in architectural harmony with its particular contents. Another notable model which attracted much attention and admiration was that of St. Martin's Hospital in Munich, an institution which is an asylum for aged or incapacitated priests of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is impossible in the space at my disposal to go over more than a very limited

part of the ground covered by this most interesting exhibition, and only passing mention can be made of the exhibits of fire brigade appliances. Many of these showed wonderful ingenuity, and not a few identically similar ones were exhibited at Earl's Court last summer. The modern crematoria arrangements and structures were, on the whole, well represented, but, as it will be easily imagined, they were of a somewhat melancholy character, especially one of them, for it was an urn containing the ashes of a young American lady—she was only twenty—who by testament bequeathed what remained of her body after cremation to the Berlin Crematorium Society for the purpose of being publicly exhibited. It may not be out of place to record here that cremation, generally speaking, has made great strides in Germany of recent years, a fact well evidenced by the number of models of more modern crematoria exhibited at Dresden. Much literature bearing on the subject was disposed of, and there was by no means any lack of special lectures which dealt exhaustively with that subject.

Dresden was the ideal place for the holding of such an exhibition. It is conveniently situated, it is of splendid municipal traditions, it is surrounded by most romantic and beautiful country, and, as Count von Bülow said in his speech, which he delivered a few days before the exhibition was closed, namely, on September 24, 1903, "It is a city of magnificent modern buildings and immortal art treasures." Again, as to the progressive and enterprising spirit which, generally speaking, now prevails at Dresden, it is best illustrated by an interesting story, which is to the effect that a man from that city was sounding its praises at a public meeting held in the German capital. "Well," the "Berliner" suddenly interrupted the enthusiastic speaker, "I know all about it; I was down there quite recently." "Yes," replied the Dresden citizen. "This must have happened last week. You ought to see us now." And, further, I believe it was in reference to Dresden that Ludwig Uhland wrote down these beautiful words:

"Als Knabe stieg ich in die Hallen  
Verlass'ner Burgen oft hinan,  
Durch alte Städte tät' ich wallen  
Und sah die hohen Münster an."



BY ROSE BOURDILLON

**A**MONGST the earliest of my recollections is that of Jonathan Mark.

He was a gardener, his master being a retired Colonel who had rented a quaint, old-fashioned house in one of the western counties.

Born and bred in that neighbourhood, Jonathan had small opinion of those who hailed, as he expressed it, from "furrin parts," by which he meant any place where the manners and customs differed from those about Oldfield.

Needless to say, his political views would have satisfied the Toriest among the Tories, and he was as rigidly opposed to all progressive movement as the most obstinate donkey in a fit of the sulks. With the villagers he was a great authority, noted as being remarkably smart and spry in everyday matters, and recognised by them as their political star, a much greater personage than the county member, whose existence was a very shadowy fact. Rarely did any one

venture to contradict Jonathan when he expounded his views, on Saturday night, at the "Black Horse."

At Oldfield Manor things were different. There the young people led him a sad life. As long as they were children, he had felt free to order them out of his way whenever they got inconveniently into it, which happened most days. But now he was often hard put to it.

As soon as ever he had finished netting the strawberries, Master Bertie would come along, making straight for the beds, and proceed to enjoy a feast. After which off he would go, leaving the nets but half replaced, to the voracious joy of blackbirds, jays, and other greedy robbers. But what could be said to one so sunny and light-hearted as Bertie Blakiston, who whistled too as clearly as the blackbird himself?

Then there was Miss Lily, whom Jonathan would find busy with pencil and sketch-book in the very middle of the

## Showing how Jonathan regarded Pigs and Matrimony

carriage-drive, when he with his big wheelbarrow came round the corner, thinking to make the gravel "fit to be seen again."

How could he say anything, knowing what a pretty picture she would turn out, and when she appealed to him with her sweetest smile, saying, "I shall not be long, Jonathan. I do so want to finish this sketch."

Yet he went away with a sigh, aware from long experience what it meant when Miss Lily said she "would not be long."

If it occurred to him to fetch out the mowing-machine and give the lawn "a doing," he as likely as not found it in full possession of ardent tennis-players. Who could have the heart to disturb them? With a smile at his own expense, he would turn away and go off to the pig-sty to attend to the wants of its inmates. *There*, at least, he was safe from intrusion.

From all this, you will perceive that Jonathan was, in reality, a foolish, tender-hearted old man, who, although dominating the company at the "Black Horse," was, in his turn, ruled by the merry, affectionate young people at the Manor.

To Colonel Blakiston, his master, he was absolutely devoted, guarding his interests as zealously as old Captain, the watch-dog, guarded the house by day and night. Captain was no more jealous of intruders than was Jonathan; and both, truth to tell, were somewhat lacking in good manners towards strangers of whom they knew nothing.

When Captain Sidgwick, who had met Catherine Blakiston in London, first appeared at Oldfield Manor, Jonathan regarded him with strong suspicion, as though he were a wolf descending amongst sheep, and his replies to the Captain's friendly overtures could scarcely be termed encouraging.

Upon his second visit, the villagers, as the custom of villagers invariably has been, began to talk and to wonder "which of the young ladies the Cap'n is after," and the women sagely set their husbands to get at the facts through Jonathan. This they did as diplomatically as they knew how, knowing his watchfulness where "the family" was concerned. But men are sad bunglers. Jonathan saw through their devices, and a pitying scorn was all they received for their pains.

By this time the old man had graciously taken the Captain into his favour.

"Sure I was not born yesterday," he

chuckled, "and I knows what it means when young folks wander out at night-times, just getting damp feet and laying up rheumatics for their old age. It weren't my fault I met them, with the poor cow took so bad I were bound to bide with her late. But the Cap'n, he did give me a look! I warrant I weren't much wanted just then."

The next day Jonathan again encountered the pair, Miss Catherine looking prettier than ever with her smiles and her blushes.

He had just left the orchard, having been in attendance upon the sick cow, now convalescent, and was for passing on stolidly, as though he had seen nothing of what was, evidently, not intended for his benefit. But the two stopped him.

"Jonathan," said Miss Catherine, "you are one of my oldest friends, and I want you to wish me joy. I have promised Captain Sidgwick that I will marry him."

"Sure, Miss Catherine, I'm terr'ble pleased at what makes you glad, and if you'll take an old man's blessing, it's certain you have mine. And you, sir," turning to her companion, "meaning no offence, we shall look to you to keep her contented, for we be all rare set on Miss Catherine."

"I will do my best, Jonathan," responded the Captain, while Miss Catherine laid her hand affectionately on the old man's arm.

"Well, I hopes, I'm sure I do, that it will turn out a success. But you can never tell about marriages, how they'll chance, any more than you can with the hay crops which promise so well, and then the wet sets in, and half of 'em are spoilt. Marriages do often seem to turn out just as contrary."

"Well, Jonathan, ours is going to be like the very best hay crop, all that it should be." And Miss Catherine raised her bright face to the Captain, who was looking down proudly upon her.

"And I hope it may, miss. But don't 'ee make too sure! There's my Bill—he thought his missus would be all he could wish. But she has no idea how to cook his bacon as he's partial to it. He likes it thick and swimmin', and she cuts it thin and frizzles it up dry, so that Bill can't relish it nohow. There's a deal of peace lost in that house over them rashers."

Catherine laughed.

"Captain Sidgwick shall have his bacon as he likes it, Jonathan, I promise you.



## Showing how Jonathan regarded Pigs and Matrimony

"We will never let any rashers come between us." And with a parting nod and smile to the old man she turned away, saying, "Is he not a dear old creature? How proud he will be to spread the news!"

A few days later Jonathan presented himself before his master with an unusually solemn face.

"May I make bold to speak to you, sir, on a pertickler business?"

He eyed the Colonel with some anxiety.

"Here I've got a letter from my brother—him as I've not seen for above fourteen years. He does a fine business in the pig line—amazing porkers he has—would make me stare, so he writes."

"And he wants you to go and see him at last?" said the Colonel, wishing to help the old man out with what appeared to be an embarrassing proposal. "We can easily settle that. A holiday would do you good, and Bill Johnson will be glad enough to take your place for a week."

"A week, sir! I could never bide away a whole week. Bill Johnson is all very well; but it ain't the same as when a man spends his days in working upon a place and his nights in dreaming of it. Only last night I dreamed the old sow had got out, 'cos I'd forgot to mend the hasp of that sty door, and I couldn't rest nohow, till I'd got up and seen if 'twere true or not. My wife were that worried with me for fussing, and says she, 'I've lost patience with you and the old sow together!'"

The result of this interview was that the next morning saw Jonathan gazing from the window of a third-class compartment in a train bound for a distant county. Yet not even after fourteen years could his brother's company compensate him for the loss of his wonted occupations, and on the fifth morning he again made his appearance in the Manor garden.

In reply to his master's questions he waxed eloquent in praise of the pigs, declaring, however, that "as for the sows, there ain't one to beat our old one here, and so I tells my brother."

"It's curious now," he continued meditatively, "how set we both be on them critturs; I reckon the liking for 'em runs in families."

"No doubt they are interesting creatures when you know them and understand their ways," said the Colonel kindly.

"That they be, sir! There's a deal of comfort to be got out of 'em, a-poking and

grunting round, if a man knows how to set about it. And if I was in trouble, I'd a deal sooner go to the sty for a bit of easement than call in the parson. I'd feel more at home like and see things straighter."

Months passed on and the wedding-day of Miss Catherine drew near. At the Manor all was preparation, and, at the last, the villagers were scarcely less busy. Children returned from the woods laden with baskets of moss or delicately fragrant primroses—Miss Catherine's favourite flowers—and loving hands decorated the old church.

Jonathan still occasionally indulged in lugubrious references to the most striking failures in married bliss that had come under his notice. At the same time, he was in a suppressed state of excitement. On the last day this had come to a climax, and it was with a broad and beaming smile that he responded to his master's cheery "Good-night, Jonathan," when they met in the drive as he was leaving work.

"I'll be down again d'reckly, sir," was the unexpected response.

"Anything wrong, Jonathan, that needs seeing to?"

"No, sir, 'tain't that noways. You see, sir," he continued, waxing confidential, "we couldn't let Miss Catherine leave us with no token of our good-will—me and my old woman. Marriage is that risky, it wants all the good wishes we can give to make it hap easier. So I'm off home to bring along what we hopes will fetch luck to our young lady." And with this enigmatical speech, Jonathan went off radiant, leaving the Colonel wondering much as to the nature of the coming gift.

His curiosity was soon satisfied. Half-an-hour later, when Miss Catherine and the Captain were with him in the library, a message was brought in, asking whether the young lady would step outside to speak to Jonathan for a moment.

"Ask him in here," said Colonel Blakiston, thinking of his errand.

"I don't think he can well come, sir," was the reply. "He seems to have his hands full."

So the three went out to the back-door. In the old-fashioned courtyard they found Jonathan, his face flushed, not alone with pride and pleasure, but with his efforts to control the agile movements of a small pig who, attached to a cord by one of his hind-legs, was making frantic rushes

## Showing how Jonathan regarded Pigs and Matrimony

hither and thither. Seeing the party in the doorway the old man advanced in as straight a line as the circumstances permitted, the pig meanwhile squealing vociferously.

'Miss Catherine,' he began, wiping his heated face with a large red-and-yellow

A home's a poor one, so be there's no pig you can depend on."

Miss Catherine and the Captain both began their smiling thanks, while Colonel Blakiston stood by, enjoying the scene and stroking his white moustache.

"I wish your wife could have come down



"MISS CATHERINE, MY MISSUS AND ME WISHES YOU JOY"

handkerchief, "my missus and me wishes you joy—and you too, sir," he added, turning to the Captain. "And we thought to show it you, by giving you this here little crittur, born and so far brought up on my brother's place, and only come by the train two days since. I can warrant him a good 'un, and I hopes he'll bring you luck in this here undertaking, whatever comes of it.

with you, Jonathan. You must give her our very warmest thanks. We should so much have liked to have done it ourselves."

"That's what I told her, miss. But she were altogether too bashful, and I had to let her be. Women-folk, they will always just take their own way"—and Jonathan gave Captain Sidgwick a compassionate

## Showing how Jonathan regarded Pigs and Matrimony

glance. "Leastways, that's been my experience, and from all I hear tell, it's nought uncommon."

With this Jonathan retired to the pigsty, there to bestow its new temporary inmate. After which he proceeded to the village, to assist in trimming the triumphal arches, beneath which Miss Catherine was to pass on the morrow in the flush of that love and happiness over which her old friend shook his head so doubtfully.

All this took place many long years ago. But the memory of those bright days and of old Jonathan is ineffaceable. It lingers in the mind as does the faint odour in a dried and withered flower.

I cannot dwell on the old man's grief when, in consequence of Miss Lily's delicacy and the doctor's advice, the Colonel decided to leave the dear old Manor and remove to another part of the country. In recognition of his long and faithful services, his master settled upon him a small annuity; and this, together with his savings—for Jonathan and his wife had always been thrifty—enabled them to move into a good cottage with convenient out-buildings. Here they set up in a small way in the "pig line," in humble imitation of Brother Joe.

"I couldn't be idle," said Jonathan, "that I couldn't. And Bob—that's poor Tom's lad—will go along with us. He's getting handy with the pigs, so we'll do comfortable, as far as that goes. Some time,

maybe, sir, you will please to accept a bit of small pork or a ham, which I can answer will be good eating."

How well I remember the old man, as he looked on the last occasion that I ever saw him!

He had aged considerably, and his step was slow and his voice tremulous. He looked, indeed, quite patriarchal, his white hair blown about by the breeze, as we stood at the gate leading into the yard, round which pushed and snorted a dozen or so of fine black pigs.

"They be rare critturs," he said, "for knowing when I'm coming round myself; and as for Bob, they understand his voice as if they was so many Christians. I'm fond of the pigs, I be; I allays was. Many a time, too, they minds me of my young ladies and gen'lemen at the Manor."

And, in response to my look of amazement, he added, with a brightening of his eye and a faint chuckle, "Yes, they do. They be allays getting into my way, that's where it be!—Go away, now"—addressing a big sow that was trying to push her way between us and the gate—"where be your manners?"

Then continuing, "See, ma'am, this here one, a-rubbing herself agin my leg. She will do it time after time so gentle and affectionate, looking up with her little eyes *that* confiding. I never looks at her but I thinks how like she be to our own Miss Lily."

## The One Dear Face

WHEN first I left my youthful home,  
The school and books, for daily toil,  
My thoughts would often wander back  
To rural scenes and native soil;  
And when along my path of life  
Some evil shadow crept apace,  
A mother's hand was on my heart,  
I saw the light of one dear face.

When Cupid first my thoughts engaged,  
And round my heart his flowers entwined,  
'Twas vain to hear that he was weak,  
'Twas vain to hear that he was blind.  
He followed me and shed a light,  
He held me tight in his embrace,

And everywhere that light was cast  
On one fair form, on one dear face.

Years afterwards, amid the cares  
Of busy hours and daily strife,  
I sometimes heard the murmurer say—  
"Blest is the lot of single life."  
I then replied—"Speak for yourself;  
'Tis not the truth in every case;  
I am content while I possess  
Bright eyes lit up in one dear face."

O wondrous power of gentle love,  
In every heart, in every place!  
There's not a chain in all the world  
Can bind us like the one dear face.

G. HUNT JACKSON.

# The Critic on the Hearth<sup>1</sup>

BY JOHN A. STEUART



CHILD could see there was something on the Colonel's mind. We had been talking, not without a thrill of pride, of the march of civilisation, and the exceeding good fortune of living in the opening of the twentieth century

A.D., and not in the tenth century, or the fifth century, or indeed any other century since the advent of man upon this globe. The world, we remarked in secret elation, has lately been moving with tremendous velocity. It appears the problem of speed aerial, terrestrial, marine and submarine has at last been solved. Mankind never went so fast before. Does any fresh achievement in speed await the future? One of these days perhaps the City man will be shot like a missile of war from his suburban residence to his office by means of an electric tube; the voyage to New York may take two days instead of six; and a new machine gun may slaughter a dozen men a second where only one man is killed now. These are fascinating possibilities. Meantime we have the accomplished facts which would once have been hailed as miracles. In particular, we told ourselves, men are getting at the long-held secrets of Nature. Through unnamed æons the old lady succeeded marvellously in keeping herself to herself; but at last her children are proving too cute for her, are finding her out, exploiting her, and, it may be a little irreverently, turning her to account. So that now in the most literal sense "the creation of a world is little more mysterious than the cooking of a dumpling; concerning which last, indeed," as the philosopher of *Sartor* well remarks, "there have been minds to whom the question, *How the apples were got in*, presented difficulties." Presently, doubtless, Nature will be a commonplace drudge in the service of her own family; her winds, her waves, her electric forces, all her elemental dynamic energy, in fact, made subservient to man's ambition and comfort.

I think that, on the whole, we were disposed to pity those who by being born too soon missed all the marvels of our time, the patriarchs of the primitive ages which ended about the middle of the nineteenth century. During the last hundred years, it has been frequently remarked, our world has travelled faster and farther than in all the preceding centuries put together—a large statement to one who is in any way a student of history or antiquity. During the past half-century the pace has been constantly increasing, and the last ten years have seen all previous records broken. Solomon suggested frivolously that the planets have caught the racing mania, and that ours, in a terrific ambition to win, due perhaps to the Anglo-American incentive, has taken the bit in its teeth and bolted. He declared himself ready to bet on the result, but of course we could not admit the insidious spirit of gambling, even on so interesting an event as a great interplanetary contest. He professed to believe that if Mars or any other competitor should come in victor, the winner would be entitled to full honours, since there would certainly be no walk over. For ingenuity, energy, and enterprise, he knew no race equal to ourselves; and when we fling the reins loose he is a good competitor who can keep alongside of our chariot wheels. It was a fine pean on Modernity from the Solomon point of view.

The Colonel sat in silence eating raisins, a curious expression in his face. At times there is something unconsciously grim in our Colonel's countenance, as there so often is in the facial lines of retired warriors—something that speaks of rough fare and hard tasks. The plain man deals sparingly in panegyric, because, as a rule, he avoids anything that suggests excess of sentiment. The Colonel's expression, as he listened to the glorious words of Solomon, was not contempt, but neither was it sympathy or assent.

"I have just been wondering," he remarked, "what Job would say to it all if he were to come back. Job had at times a considerable gift of sarcasm, especially when comfortable commonplace preached its philosophy. *Doubtless ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you*, is as

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## The Critic on the Hearth

keen a dig as I know. While I agree that it is a great privilege to live in the present unparalleled age, I fancy that a commentator of the calibre of Job would find plenty of scope for his satire. Consider, for example, the highest department of all, the department of literature so called."

He looked at me, and I confess I quaked. "Another tirade against the unfortunate novelist," I said to myself. "Alas! who would be a novelist, and bear the whips and scorns of illiteracy, the contumely of dull superiority, the insolence of blatant jealousy?" For you must know that the man who has not wit enough to be a tailor and snip with shears, nor grammar enough to construct one sentence of mother English correctly, is, nevertheless, qualified by self-election to sit in judgment on the novelist's difficult art. I fancied the Colonel had had a dose of bad fiction, and in revenge was about to fall foul of all fiction—after the fashion of the ignorant. But I breathed again as he proceeded.

"As you are aware, my country being done with my services I am blessed with a good deal of leisure. Much of it I spend in trying to amuse and improve myself by reading. Now, I like to go back to old favourites; but in these days scarcely an old favourite is allowed to appear without the burden and hindrance of an editor, as though in the new order of things every giant must carry a dwarf on his shoulders. The critic-dwarf, aping what's above him, judges or rather misjudges the genius he cannot understand, sets you forth, pranked with all the mimetic tricks of his trade, the intellectual defects and artistic failings of his subject—how Shakespeare might be improved here and Milton there, how Scott and Thackeray and Dickens should have written differently if they meant to satisfy his fastidious taste."

"Do they never praise, these critic-dwarfs?" asked Solomon.

"Oh! yes," replied the Colonel, his lip curling in disgust. "They praise, and then they are most objectionable of all; for as they blame without knowledge, they praise without discrimination. They perpetually oscillate between two extremes, each unspeakably bad, fulsome eulogy and pompous depreciation. It is time to protest. There are reprints to-day which would be a pure delight but for the prefaces and introductions, which being interpreted means the impertinent intervention of nobodies who apparently know just as much of the true principles of criticism as a donkey

knows of gunnery. Fancy an owl with its sage eye to a telescope descanting on the blemishes of the starry heavens, and you have an example of much modern editing of books. It all reminds me of an old Celtic fable. The wren and the eagle falling into a dispute as to their powers of soaring, decided to settle the matter by a trial. Far up towards the sun the eagle could see the wren nowhere, and called out, 'Where art thou, wren?' 'I am here above thee,' answered the wren, which was perched on the eagle's back. That clever wren typifies many a latter-day book-editor, who is hoisted into notice by the man on whose shoulders he perches. The patience of intelligent readers is very nearly exhausted by the ceaseless stream of mediocrity poured out in introductions and prefaces."

"Would you abolish the book-editor altogether, then?" asked the young lady classic.

"By no means," answered the Colonel warmly, "by no manner of means. Get a Carlyle to edit the Letters and Speeches of an Oliver Cromwell and you have the ideal of genius supplementing genius—first the hero and then his Homer. Or coming a step down, get a Matthew Arnold to introduce a Keats, a Byron, or a Wordsworth, and you do all lovers of literature a real service. But for the sake of decency and honest intelligence warn off the pretentious dullards who recapitulate stale information and preach indigestible sermons on texts they have themselves never assimilated. Why should an author who is no longer able to defend himself be subject to the indignities of every dunderhead who vainly imagines himself a critic? That is delivering the dead lion to the mercies of the living dog with a vengeance."

"One is reminded," said the Curate softly, "that when Johnson heard Boswell meant to write his life he threatened to prevent it by taking Boswell's."

"Not every great man has Johnson's luck," returned the Colonel. "After all, Boswell merely Boswellised, and hero worship, if the hero be worthy, is not only tolerable but grateful. But what are you to say of the little men who puff themselves out till they are a great deal too big for their coats? I'll tell you the result of their operations in one instance. Only to-day I visited certain booksellers with a modest sum of money in my pocket, to be spent on books not less than a generation old. Former experiences made me cautious. But I invested in a set of a British classic on the recommendation of an assistant, who, as now appears, is

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too obviously an ignoramus; and the consequence is that I'm defrauded of a pleasure for which I paid. To-morrow I will take the thing back to the bookseller. He can keep his precious editor, and I will please myself in another way."

The Colonel's indignant outburst, I agreed, touches what is, in reality, fast becoming an intolerable nuisance in the literature of the day—the pretentious editing of masterpieces by persons who have not a single new fact to add to the existing store of knowledge, nor a single ray of illumination to shed on obscure or doubtful points; in a word, who darken counsel where they pretend to give light. There are exceptions, of course. The Colonel mentioned Carlyle and Matthew Arnold as ideal editors. Carlyle's achievement is unique. He is the only British historian who has completely reversed public opinion in regard to a great historical character. From being a great bad man, to use the words of Burke, Cromwell, after Carlyle's biography, became a great good man. All subsequent writers and speakers on the Protector have consciously or unconsciously taken their cue from Carlyle. Arnold's case is not without parallel. We have at least one edition of Thackeray edited in a manner which has delighted his admirers. Burns and Scott have likewise been fortunate in recent editors: but the competent editor of Dickens has still to come. Concerning the stupendous mass of edited books now published annually, it is to be hoped that publishers will abate the mistaken zeal of incompetent people who, itching to write something, expend their fury on worthless prefaces and introductions. As the Colonel has very well remarked, this editorial rage is becoming a sore trial to the temper and patience of readers. As a rule, those otherwise excellent persons, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, are ludicrously unfit to judge literary excellence, since they do not understand what real literary excellence is or means.

We wandered into other subjects, and presently the young lady classic said she supposed I received a multitude of letters and manuscripts from literary aspirants. I replied sadly in the affirmative. An author, I remarked, is not seldom like a sort of universal dust-bin which might appropriately be inscribed, "Literary rubbish dumped here." Would-be writers seem to have an incurable propensity for pestering the man whose name is at all familiar on title-pages. They send him manuscripts to read, to correct, and sometimes to place with publishers "on advantageous terms," and they do this with

an air of conferring a favour, and generally without remembering that the post office does not fetch and carry except for payment in postage stamps. If you let the manuscript lie pending further instructions you will in all probability receive a curt note of inquiry, or it may be a scolding for your lack of common courtesy, with a demand for the immediate return of the golden manuscript, still, however, without the necessary postage stamps. If you intimate delicately, by postcard or otherwise, that these have inadvertently been omitted, back will come a stinging letter on the greed and stinginess of authors who chance to have succeeded by a fluke. There is no gadfly half so venomous as your irritated would-be author.

Not long ago I read a short story which had been declined by fifteen purblind editors. I was obliged to tell the author that an impartial judgment forced me to agree with the editors; whereupon there came a caustic letter informing me that I made the sixteenth idiot, and wondering how long such a condition of things in literature and journalism was to be tolerated. He desired to know by what authority I set up as a judge of my betters—the great unprinted—stated without any circumlocution whatsoever that my taste was beneath contempt, and that I should be much more profitably employed mending my own wretched stuff than trying to understand his, which was obviously above me.

"Did you send him a stinger in reply?" asked Solomon excitedly, spying the prospect of a fight.

I replied that I did not. If one were to trouble with abusive correspondents there would be no surplus time for the ordinary duties of life.

"He was exceedingly rude," said the young lady classic, a militant glow suffusing her face, as though she were ready to do battle for a poor abused author.

I responded that when vanity comes a cropper it is always rude, and usually silly as well. But I admitted that with my irate critic's verdict on my own work I thoroughly and entirely agreed. When Carlyle's *French Revolution* was published you may remember it was a rock of offence to the orthodox critic, the man who held fast by the inviolate nine-and-thirty articles of criticism. "Oh! yes," Carlyle remarked philosophically, "they condemn it for being bad; they little know how much worse it might have been." Similarly I say that poor as my work is, my censor little knows how much worse it might easily be. If it were a question of picking holes I could put the finger on two

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blemishes for every one detected by my critic, even when his eyes were sharpened by rage and jealousy. Believe me, my dear sir, if an author would he could demolish himself by criticism. Sir Walter Scott once reviewed himself, not unfavourably, in the *Quarterly Review*, the dear old "Grandmother" at whom Byron scoffed. It was, of course, a joke such as the Wizard of the North loved to play in order to mystify the public. Editors in these days do not encourage practical jesting of that sort. But suppose an author were to be his own reviewer, and cared to adopt the slashing Macaulay-on-Montgomery style, don't you think he could produce a piquant and sensational article? He alone could tell how far short he fell of his ideals; how inadequately this thought was expressed; how ineffectively that character portrayed, as judged by the standard in his own mind. For myself I seldom read anything of my own after passing it in proof; but when by chance I do, it is to be seized with a vehement desire to tear the whole thing to shreds and rewrite it from the first sentence to the last.

Therefore the angry hint about mending appealed to me with quite peculiar force. But one curious fact should be mentioned, namely, that in sending me his manuscript my critic had deviated to remark the beauties and excellences of the work he afterwards condemned with such needless, such astonishing ferocity. What was admirable when he fished for praise became execrable when the praise was withheld—surely an instance of engaging inconsistency.

Thinking, doubtless, of those stories that lay in lavender up-stairs, the young lady classic desired to know whether I thought introductions to publishers were ever of real service to beginners. For herself, she was inclined to believe they were. Ah! I answered, that is a pathetic fallacy, a mere superstition which, like most superstitions, dies very hard. Except a lie or a bad habit, nothing is harder to dispose of than a superstition. Believe me, I went on, there is but one kind of introduction that publishers consider worth any attention, and that is an acceptable manuscript. No other form of introduction appeals to their benighted business minds. Though their wares are often sentimental, publishers are almost as devoid of sentiment as the nether millstone. As to the main point, in a few well-known instances authors of established reputation were able to play the part of fairy prince to struggling neophytes. Johnson, as everybody knows, sold *The Vicar of Wakefield* for Goldsmith, when

poor Goldy was a prisoner in bed for debt to his landlady; and Scott's influence prevailed with Murray on behalf of Washington Irving. There have also been more recent cases to support the old superstition; but it cannot be repeated too often, nor too emphatically, that in general letters of introduction are rather worse than useless. It is hard for the beginner, with every door shut in his face, to believe this, yet it is true. To-day the ranks of publishers are almost as crowded as the ranks of authors. Hence a scrambling competition for good novels, good poems, good histories, good travels; and when the eager publisher succeeds in finding what he wants, he proceeds to advertise the fact at exorbitant rates, to a public that never excites itself over anything literary. Half-a-century ago almost any noodle could be a successful publisher. In the present enterprising age it is not enough to have a first-rate article for sale. To succeed you must advertise it, thrust it on the attention of the public, and by persistent pushing get people to believe that it is positively the best thing of its kind ever produced, and absolutely indispensable to their happiness. Modesty pays no dividends in these strenuous times.

What are the qualifications of the ideal novelist? That is a big question; but briefly, he ought to be the Seven Wise Men of the ancient world rolled into one, plus all the Admirable Crichtons of the modern. Assuming that he has the first essential gift, mother wit, he must by the most painful toil master all knowledge, from the latest dictum of philosophy to the last fashion in feminine dress. And let me say, it is far easier to keep abreast of philosophy than of the fashion in feminine dress. It is nothing to depict men and women, or even children and babies, explore the wickedness of the human heart, or construct tales of love and war, but what man shall dare to say that the last touch he has given to his heroine's dress is the right up-to-date touch? He may study the fashion papers till his head reels; he may lie awake o' nights pondering the latest styles, as David pondered his sins, and still find himself at sea. And here the lady novelist has an unfair advantage, inasmuch as she knows the freaks of fashion by instinct, as the Romans knew the Latin grammar.

The young lady classic smiled. "Is it possible then to make fiction out of millinery?"

It is not only possible, I answered, but fiction made of millinery is the most popular on the market. And I fancied a new hope gleamed in the fair listener's eye.

# Sea-Serpents<sup>1</sup>

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT," ETC.

A VERY simple way of dealing with this paper, and one entirely in accordance with my own feelings upon the matter, would be that said to be adopted by the Irish student who was set to write an essay upon snakes in Iceland, and did so in the sentence, "There are no snakes in Iceland." But whatever my own ideas in this connexion may be, I find it impossible to ignore or set aside contemptuously the vast amount of literature upon the subject, much of it doubtless written by very well-informed and entirely honest persons, who were only anxious to disseminate the truth concerning sea-serpents. It is hardly possible for any sensible person at all acquainted with the fauna of the sea and literature generally to approach the subject of sea-serpents with an open mind. It is like the matter of ghosts, one that is mixed up so much with pure superstition, personal bias, human weakness of mind and credulity, that it seems impossible to get a reasonable account at all. And this setting aside entirely the intentionally mendacious literature on the subject, stuff written falsely from a diseased or riotous imagination with no other object in view than that of creating a sensation, not seldom with the full knowledge that there is always an immense number of otherwise sane and sensible persons who really believe anything they read in print which is not admittedly fiction. As an instance in point I may quote an experience of my own. Some years ago I wrote a little yarn, which was published in the *Westminster Gazette*, entitled "Up a Waterspout." As I had no intention of gulling anybody, I purposely wrote in a ridiculously inflated style, describing my experiences while being sucked up from the sea surface into the clouds and my subsequent sudden descent. It never even occurred to me that any one could believe the story, it was so obviously absurd. Yet to my intense amazement, when it was included in a volume of sketches I afterwards published, one critic gravely discussed it as if it were true, and descanted upon the unique advantages of such an experience. Now the

critic *may* have been joking ponderously and with "deefeculty," but I do not think he was.

This, however, only by way of introduction to a very difficult subject. Difficult, because it is distinctly unpleasant to realise, as one must do who takes up the sea-serpent question, how great is the number of people who will, out of sheer wantonness, lie and perjure themselves about some perfectly immaterial matter like this. Any interest possessed by the sea-serpent, if it exists, can only be either scientific or romantic; it has never even been suggested that the creature is dangerous or commercially valuable. Yet an enormous mass of writing can be collected, written by people of almost every European nation, and especially by Americans, whose authors have either admitted, after the sensation caused by their statements has died away, that they were lying for fun, or else all trace of them has been lost, they having invented names and authorities as well as the serpent. Another large amount of printed stuff has been contributed by persons urgently in need of something to do, who have compiled their amazing stories from hearsay. Many of these contributors are clergymen, and it is no exaggeration to say that their stories, having only some casual remarks of a careless seafarer for text, surpass in wildness of elaboration even the yarns invented with intent to deceive. Then come a much smaller quantity, the evidence of those who have seen *something* and earnestly desire to record what they have seen truthfully, but from inability to describe accurately, or deficient power of observation, or imagination heightened by alarm, or all these reasons (and more) combined, only succeed in misleading. A splendid instance of this is given in the report of a sea-serpent (?) seen off Portland Light, New Zealand, on August 1, 1891, from the deck of the s.s. *Rotomahana*. Peter Nelson, a quartermaster, says that the head was like that of an eel. It rose 30 feet out of water. It had fins about 10 feet long situated on either side of the body (which bulged about there)

<sup>1</sup> Copyright in the United States of America by Frank T. Bullen, 1904.



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twenty feet behind the snout. It was the colour of an eel on the back, but the belly and fins were pure white. I have condensed the very prolix report, but this is the substance of it. And I believe that Peter Nelson was a perfectly honest and truthful man who described as best he could the "breaching" or uprising half-way out of water of a humpbacked whale (*Megaptera*), an exceedingly common sight on that coast. He says indeed that it was nothing like a whale, but if his description is as accurate as I believe it is, what he saw exactly represents the behaviour and appearance of a humpback gambolling on the sea-surface as usual. Yet because of the lack of previous observation on the part of himself and others, this sea-serpent story goes round the world and is published in many newspapers. It is also used triumphantly by Professor Oudemans, Director of the Royal Zoological Society at the Hague, as a convincing proof of the correctness of his theory of sea-serpents.

There lies before me as I write a portly volume of 600 pages, with many illustrations, compiled with amazing industry and perseverance by this learned gentleman, apparently for the sole, and to him sufficient, purpose of buttressing his theory as to the nature and character of the sea-serpent, of whose existence, by the way, he has no doubt. Only, the creature he has evolved for his own satisfaction from the mass of material he has so carefully collected is not a serpent at all, but an amazingly developed mammal of the sea tribe, a Pinniped, to which he boldly assigns a length of 250 feet. If it were not for the many instances given in this volume of the amazing credulity displayed by scientific men when in the presence of some extraordinarily gifted romancer (*vide* the British Association and M. Grien's stories of flying wombats, sawfish in inland lakes, turtle-riding, etc.), I should feel disposed to be quite contemptuous about Dr. Oudemans' "conclusions." But apart from his scientific credulity, he displays a really touching anxiety to extract from the mountain of lies, absurdities, and superstitions he has collected with so much labour, a sufficient number of grains of truth for the putting together of his pet sea-monster. As to his rejection of other scientific theories of the sea-serpent, I make no account of that. He only deals with rival theorists after his kind. It seems to be rather a feature with scientific men of a

certain class to build a theory first, then mould the evidence or suppress it to fit the theory, and ignore utterly any other explanation but their own.

The list of what Dr. Oudemans calls "would-be sea-serpents" is a fairly large and comprehensive one. Seals, cuttlefish, sharks, porpoises, fossils (*Zeuglodon* and *Basilaurus*) and even albacore; the physalus, a rorqual, and a supposed marine plesiosaurus are among the living (?) creatures, while sea-weed and floating tree-trunks are among the inanimate simulacra of the great snake. But he evidently does not relish the idea that any of his contributors have called upon their imagination to stimulate pen and pencil, except where confession of detection has exposed the fraud. This may seem harsh, but what else can be said of a scientific zoologist of the present day, who deliberately quotes Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsala, and Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen,—two clerics remarkable for nothing greater than their most amazing credulity and riotous imagination? A quotation from our author must be given as showing the position he takes up with regard to the latter of these two ancient fictionists.

"We see the Bishop weighing and considering whatever he heard, and not accepting everything for truth. We think that Pontoppidan is right in giving no credit to the narrative that the sea-serpents made themselves guilty of sinking ships and eating men. . . . Pontoppidan further tells us that the sea-serpent sometimes encloses ships by laying itself round them in a circle, that the fishermen then row over its body there where a coil is visible, for when they reach the coil it sinks, while the invisible parts rise. Further, that the serpent swims with an incredible velocity, and that the fishermen, who are much afraid of it, when seeing that it follows them, throw any object, for instance a scoop, at it, when the animal generally plunges into the deep. But most fishermen are in the habit of taking castoreum with them, for the serpent cannot abide the smell of it. . . ." And in his tenth paragraph, trying to answer the question why those larger serpents only frequent the northern seas, he says: "To this question I answer that the Creator of all beings disposes of the dwellings of His creatures in different places by His wise intentions, which are not known to us. Why won't the reindeer thrive anywhere

but in the high and cold mountains? Why do the whales frequent only the north pole? (!) Why are India and Egypt almost the only countries where men have to fear crocodiles? No doubt because it pleases the wise Creator!" Here Pontoppidan takes leave of the sea-serpent, and begins to treat of the large snakes mentioned by Plinius and other ancient authors, and we too will take leave of our honest and trustworthy Bishop, who has so often been laughed at for what he relates in his chapter on monsters. And yet two of his monsters, the mermaid and the Kraken, being unmasked, why cannot his third be accounted for?

It should not be forgotten that the date of this delightful book is 1892! The author quotes, with evident approval, Olaus Magnus writing in 1555—

"They who, either to trade, or to fish, sail along the shores of Norway, relate with concurring evidence a truly admirable story, namely, that a very large serpent of a length of upwards of 200 feet, and 20 feet in diameter, lives in rocks and holes near the shore of Bergen; it comes out of its caverns only on summer nights and in fine weather to devour calves, lambs, and hogs, or goes into the sea to eat cuttles, lobsters, and all kinds of sea-crabs. It has a row of hairs of two feet in length hanging from the neck, sharp scales of a dark colour, and brilliant flamingeyes. It attacks boats and snatches away the men, by raising itself high out of water, and devours them; and commonly this does not happen without a terrible event in the kingdom, without a change being at hand, either that the princes will die or will be banished, or that a war will soon break out." The only criticism of this amazing yarn which the Professor permits himself is—"We consider its devouring hogs, lambs and calves, and its appearance on summer nights on land to take its prey, to be a fable. The eating of squids, cuttles, crabs and lobsters may be a fiction or it may have been truly witnessed, the animal chewing them with its head above water, as seals and sea-lions do (!). The story of snatching a man away from the ships is evidently confounded with another tale. . . . It evidently refers to gigantic calamities which occasionally attack boats and snatch away one of the crew. Its being covered with scales must be fictitious too, for they who saw a sea-serpent at a short distance are unanimous in stating that it

had no scales, but a smooth skin." A fine example of the gnat and camel parable, surely.

The list of accounts of the seeing of the sea-serpent fills nine pages and a half of our author's book, and date from 1555 to 1888. Apparently no yarn, however wildly absurd, is excluded or refused rank as evidence, unless it has been exposed as an indubitable fraud. Even then Dr. Oudemans cannot help adopting a regretful tone, as if he only wished that the story was true, or that it had not been discovered to be false, so that he might have the luxury of believing it. But of all the amazing stories collected by the learned Doctor, none attain such a magnitude as the following.

In 1845 Dr. Albert C. Koch exhibited a large skeleton of a fossil animal under the name of *Hydrarchos Sillimanni*, the latter half of the portentous name being in honour of the learned editor of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, Professor Benjamin Silliman, well known for his affectionate regard for the sea-serpent. The remains consisted of a head and vertebral column, measuring in all 114 feet, of a few ribs attached to the thoracic portion of the spine, and some parts of supposed paddles. Of course the scientific journals took up the discussion of this wonderful discovery with avidity, and a few months afterwards Professor Wyman, in the *Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History*, had the courage and skill to point out that "these remains never belonged to one and the same individual, and that the anatomical character of the teeth indicates that they are not those of a reptile, but of a warm-blooded mammal." In the next month's "Proceedings" of the same Society, Professor Rogers points out that according to the form and structure of some loose bones, the skeleton must be of at least two individuals of *Basilaurus*, a fossil monster allied to the seals and whales, which Professor Owen termed *Zeuglodon*. In the next month's issue Dr. Koch informs the public that the bones had been found together and were arranged in the precise order in which they were discovered. But a Dr. Lister wrote to say that he knew that Dr. Koch had dug up the bones in different places in Alabama. However, the yarn was not killed, hardly scotched, and the "fossil sea-serpent" still yielded a plentiful harvest of dollars. And in the *Illustrated London News* of October

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DR. A. C. KOCH'S SKELETON  
SERPENT

28, 1848, Professor Silliman ventures to state, in the hope apparently that the previous contradictions would be forgotten, "that the spinal column belongs to the same individual, that the skeleton differs, most essentially, from any existing or fossil serpent, although it may countenance the popular (and I believe well-founded) impression of the existence in our seas of huge animals, to which the name of sea-serpent has been attached."

Now the facts of this case undoubtedly were proved to be as follows:—

Dr. Koch was a collector of fossils, but entirely unscrupulous in the use he made of them. He was a business man first, and a scientist afterwards (a long way). Not satisfied with the real scientific value and interest of the wonderful collection of American fossils he really possessed, he, seeing what a valuable show it would make, deliberately faked the said serpent out of the bones of several *Zeuglodon*, made a head and claws to suit, and then having hitched his fraud to Silliman, put it on public exhibition. And no

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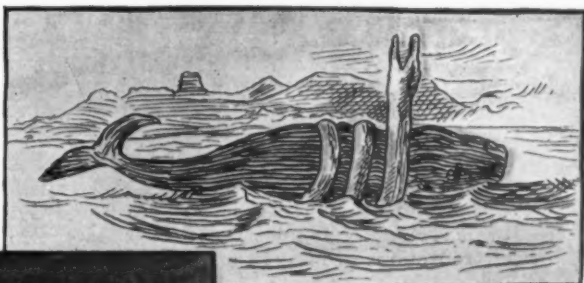
MR. C. RENARD'S SEA-SERPENT

doubt his enterprise was considered to be a real smart one, an evident token of high business capacity, quite unusual in a scientific professor.

Sober investigators like Dr. Andrew Wilson, Mr. Lee and Mr. Gosse, all being gifted with sound common-sense, as well as having high scientific attainments, do not waste time over the many obvious absurdities and palpable fabrications which are so plentifully quoted in Dr. Oudemans' book.

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But they have given much time and careful investigation to such stories as bore the stamp of truth, in so far that it was manifest that the observers had seen something out of the common, but had quite naturally in their excitement gifted the vision



CAPTAIN DREVAR'S SEA-SERPENT

Sketches of what he was supposed to have seen



THE PROBABLE  
EXPLANATION

Sperm Whale attacking  
Calamary



with some extraordinary attributes which it never really possessed. Of these stories the most interesting is that told by the captain and crew of the *Pauline*. Captain Drevar stated that when in lat. 13° S., long. 35° W., they observed three very large sperm whales (I may here note, in passing, that I have never yet met with a seaman other than a whaleman who knew a sperm whale when he saw it, or could distinguish between any one whale and another of a different species),

and one of them was gripped round the body with two turns, by what appeared to be a huge serpent. Its back was of a darkish brown, and its belly white, with an immense head and mouth, the latter always open; the head and tail had a length beyond the coils of about 30 feet; its girth was about 8 or 9 feet. Using its extremities as levers, the serpent whirled its victim round and round for about fifteen minutes, and then suddenly dragged the whale down to the bottom, head first. The other two whales, after attempting to release their companion, swam away upon its descent, exhibiting signs of the greatest terror. On July 13 this or another sea-serpent was again seen, about 200 yards off the

stern of the vessel, shooting itself along the surface, 40 feet of its body being out of the water at a time. Again on the same day it was seen once more with its body standing quite perpendicularly out of the water to a height of 60 feet. This time it seemed determined to attack

the vessel, and the crew and officers armed themselves with axes for self-defence. In another version of the same story he, the captain, speaks of the serpent "looking angrily" at the ship.

Now, eight or nine years ago I wrote a paper for *Nature* on "the Sperm Whale and its food," in the course of which I described a spectacle I witnessed of a huge



## Sea-Serpents

Cachalot devouring a very large cuttle-fish or squid upon the sea-surface in the Straits of Malacca. Dr. Andrew Wilson upon reading this story immediately remembered the yarn of the captain of the *Pauline*, and very naturally, and I think inevitably, knowing the man, came to the conclusion that it was based upon a similar sight. The Doctor wrote to me asking me for further details, which I gladly supplied, and embodied his reflections in his "Science Jottings" column in the next issue of the *Illustrated London News*. Up to a certain point everything that Captain Drevar states, and swears to, is easily explainable on the hypothesis that he saw a sperm whale devouring a huge calamary. But then the embellishments arrive, several of them not to be ascribed to exaggeration through nervous excitement, but obviously put in to round off and complete a good story. For instance, what were the signs of greatest terror exhibited by the two attendant whales? Certainly no whaleman could tell. How could the serpent, even assuming it to lie, as the captain does, 160 or 170 feet long, raise its body perpendicularly out of the water to a height of 60 feet? It was such a pity to spoil a good story by trying to improve it in such a foolish way, that even Dr. Oudemans feels compelled to take 33½ per cent. off the 60 feet. But before leaving Captain Drevar another example of his powers must be given: "the body (of the whale) disappeared from our view, going down head foremost to the bottom, where no doubt it was gorged at the serpent's leisure; and that monster of monsters may have been many months in a state of coma digesting the huge mouthful." Oh, Captain Drevar! A huge mouthful indeed for a serpent 8 or 9 feet in girth to gorge a whale 30 or 40; for a snake of, say, at the outside, 20 tons in weight, to swallow a morsel of 80 or 100 tons! Indeed we might well expect him to lie many months in a state of coma. In truth, Olaus Magnus nor Pontoppidan never bettered this yarn, though they were far from being amateurs at the task. And it was sworn to.

There are also the stories of the ministers who saw the sea-serpent in the Sound of Mull and estimated its length at 60 feet. They did not expect to be believed, and said so, only they felt that any explanation of what they saw except that it was a great sea-snake was impossible to accept. But

the most difficult story of all to account for is that told by Captain McQuhae of H.M.S. *Dædalus*, and his officers, which in 1848 created so great a sensation in England. Very briefly, the story is that in lat. 24° 44' S. and long. 9° 22' E. an enormous serpent was seen, its head and shoulders some four feet out of water, and quite 60 feet of its body on the surface. It passed rapidly without any undulatory movement, so close to the ship that the gallant captain says he could have distinguished a man's features at the distance. It had no fins, but something like seaweed washed about its back. Now it is not fair to suppose that the captain and his officers stated anything that they did not believe to be true, yet no less an authority than Professor Owen in a long letter to the *Times* of November 11, 1848, points out that the captain's observations and his conclusions do not fit at all, finally giving it as his (the Professor's) opinion that the thing seen was a great seal or sea-elephant; much to the captain's annoyance, who replies very warmly to the great palæontologist's letter. Another authority gives it as his opinion that the creature was a huge basking shark, such as another well-authenticated serpent stranded at Stronsa and given as 60 to 80 feet long was proved to be, and reduced in length by about one-half. For myself, I believe that the officers of the *Dædalus*, being, like most sailors, very careless and casual observers of marine fauna, did see a huge sulphur-bottom whale (*Balaenoptera sulphureus*), which is slender, has a comparatively small head, attains a maximum length of 150 feet, and a speed of sixteen knots. But any attempt to show that the tellers of some sea-serpent stories were truthful and honest according to their lights, only seems to arouse animosity among those curious savants who appear to think life would not be worth living without belief in a gigantic snake. They will not hear of any natural explanation of the strange sights reported by veracious seamen, and entirely ignore Professor Owen's calm dictum, that had sea-serpents of the dimensions so often given existed, some remains must have been found, for such creatures would be often on the surface to breathe, and could not fail to have deposited relics of themselves on some shore or other. Only one joint of a vertebra would have been sufficient, says the Professor, to have established the sea-serpent's



THE "DÆDALUS" SEA-SERPENT, AND ITS  
PROBABLE EXPLANATION (A RORQUAL)

identity scientifically. But that illuminating fragment has never been forthcoming.

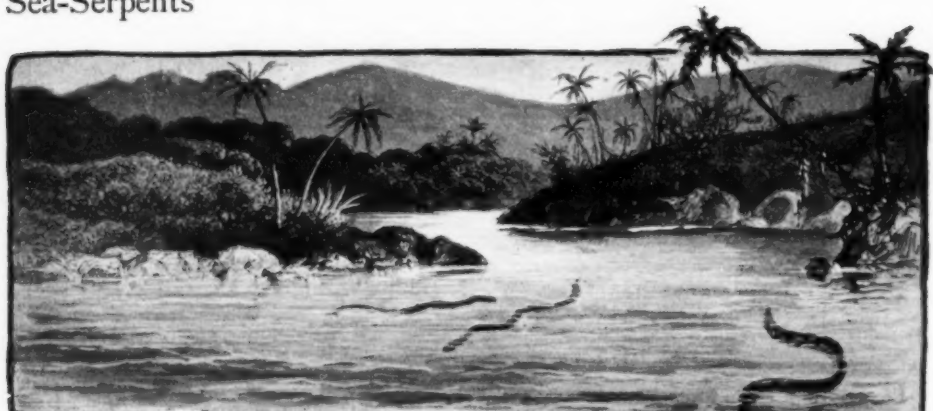
It has been assumed that the Zeuglodon is not extinct, although a recent specimen has never been found, and the fossils are found in the tertiary deposits. It is also assumed that the creature may be a Plesiosaurus, which has survived the lapse of ages in that mysterious realm, the depths of the sea. But certainly none of the sea-serpent stories honestly told are insusceptible of feasible logical explanation by those acquainted with our larger sea-mammals and other fauna not usually seen.

Are there then no sea-serpents? Certainly there are, very many, and exceedingly dangerous ophidians they are, being highly poisonous. The largest of them is almost

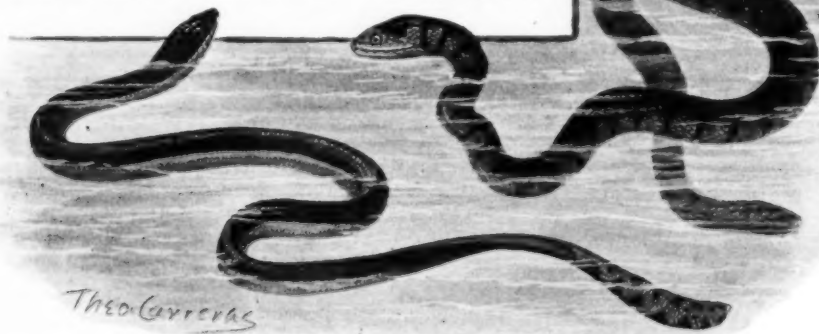
as thick as a man's leg, and from 8 to 10 feet long. They abound on the Indian coasts, and in the Eastern Archipelago I have often seen them pursuing their devious way along the calm surface. They all have a flattened end to their tail, instead of its coming to a point, as does that of all the land snakes. I have heard, on good authority, they are responsible for the deaths of many Lascars in the country vessels of India, climbing up the coir hawsers with which the vessels are anchored, through the hawse-pipes and biting the



## Sea-Serpents



sleeping men. But these are not the sea-serpents whose characteristics, as seen by latter-day chroniclers, all bear the stamp of Olaus Magnus or Pontoppidan. The enormous length, serpentine shape, mane of hair, side paddles, etc., all bespeak a common origin. Now it would ill become any one, least of all those knowing something of the fearsome creatures that have of late years been found to inhabit the great depths of the sea, to say that we shall never find or see any terrific monster upheaved from the ocean floor. Only if such there be it will not be a serpent, or a mammal such as Professor Oudemans believes in, a sort of *Zeuglodon* 250 feet long. Because these creatures are essentially of the surface, they cannot even descend to any great depth in consequence, first, of the increasing pressure upon their bodies, and next, of their need of air breathed direct from the atmosphere. I firmly believe myself that cuttle-fish lurk in the darkling caves of ocean, a sight of which would justify any



THE REAL THING

*Hydrus bicolor* (left-hand and uppermost figures).

*Hydrophis colubrina* (right-hand figures).

sea-serpent yarn, however Munchausen-like, and I should not like to question the existence of enormous individuals of *Regalecus* or oar-fish, of which Dr. Goode

says that "it seems quite safe to assign to this group all the so-called sea-serpents which have been described as swimming rapidly near the surface with a horse-like

## Sea-Serpents

head raised above the water, surmounted by a mane-like crest of red or brown." But from a Regalecus of 20 feet long to a sea-serpent capable of carrying his head 60 feet out of water is so long a step that I do not think we shall ever take it.

The great difficulty about our acceptance of sea-serpent stories to-day is the aroma of mediæval superstition which surrounds them. We cannot help remembering that there belongs, as of right, to all sea-serpent stories of the Olaus Magnus order, a relationship to serpent worship, to the hideous old mythologies of the past, having, if not their origin, at least their early history enveloped in a mist of blood and human agonies. We may interest ourselves in serpent lore connected with religion as much as we will, and find it terribly interesting if only from the fact that almost all early religions have some trace of it. That in the case of peoples who knew the sea the fabled sea-serpent should become of vast and awful size and aspect, was perhaps only natural, since the connexion of it with the sea, itself a place of superhuman dread and mystery, became perhaps inevitable. The avatar of the fish from the Mahabarata of the Hindoos is a case in point, elaborated with all the fulness of grotesque detail that these ancient people love, as well as boundless exaggeration. The puny efforts of our romancers must recede into obscurity before the tale of a sea-serpent a million leagues long, and with a stupendous horn reaching from its forehead to the clouds.

There is another thing which does not seem to strike believers in sea-serpent stories, such as the learned Professor from whom I have quoted so largely. And that is, that of the sea-serpent so often described, what I must call, for want of a better term, the Olaus Magnus, or conventional sea-serpent, no trace has ever been supplied to the examination of naturalists. Certain remains have been found, as, for instance, those of the Animal of Stronsa in Orkney, about which so furious a controversy raged

nearly a century ago. It was discovered in October 1808, on the rocks in Rothiesholm Bay; its measurement in length was solemnly sworn to by three witnesses as having been proved by themselves at 55 feet, and anatomical details were given at great length to prove that it was a veritable sea-serpent. Mr. Everard Home, then the greatest living osteological authority, went to Orkney at once and examined the remains in the interests of science. His report was clear and distinct enough to satisfy the most exact seeker after truth, and considering the status of the gentleman making it, who could have no other interest in the matter than that of arriving at the truth, it should have settled the controversy. He gave his evidence unhesitatingly that it was a *Squalus maximus*, or great Basking Shark, which did not exceed 35 feet in length, and presented no difficulty even in an advanced stage of decomposition in the determination of its character.

After sufficient time had elapsed the whole question, which had been thought to be finally settled, was again raised. Mr. Everard Home's scientific testimony was thrown overboard, and the evidence of the illiterate fishermen who had measured the body with a one-foot rule, and had made all manner of wild statements about it having six legs, both ends alike, etc., etc., was reinstated, and gravely discussed *de novo* by quasi-scientific gentlemen who should have known better.

In conclusion, although it is not necessary to give a list of all the various appearances which have simulated the sea-serpent for excited observers, it may be stated with the utmost plainness that none of the reports of sea-serpents made yet have been such as would stand a cross-examination without revealing their true explanation or their true origin as fiction pure and simple. And this may be truly said, without in the least denying that the civilised world may one day be startled by the appearance of some vast and hitherto unknown monster from the depths of the ocean.





## London School Board Pictures

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT

*Photos by Henry Irving*

### V.—Gordon House Girls' Home

"**A**T last you have a home" is said to have been the remark with which King William IV. presented to his daughter, Lady Kennedy Erskine, who afterwards became Lady Augusta Gordon, a beautiful mansion on the banks of the Thames at Isleworth. The home of the King's daughter is now the home of about

seventy little girls, the waifs and strays of the London streets, who have become the wards of the London School Board; and to them the words of King William might, with more literal truth, be addressed, for few of them have known anything worthy to be called a home before they came to live in this beautiful house by the river.

The children at Gordon House have little enough in common with the grand lady who gave her name to the house, except the fact that like her they have little reason to be proud of their parents. They belong to the same class as the boys on the "Shaftesbury"—children of drunken and dissolute parents, wanderers and beggars and associates of thieves and immoral women, children so grossly neglected that their state of destitution has become an offence in the eyes of the law.

It is somewhat noteworthy that by far the greater number of the children of this unfortunate class are boys. The chief reason probably is that girls are less adventurous than boys; they very rarely play truant, and they do not take so readily to the life of the streets. Perhaps, too, girls are less frequently neglected than boys; where homes are thoroughly bad, a friendly relative or neighbour more often comes to the rescue of the girls. However this may be, the number of girls requiring industrial school accommodation has always been much smaller than the



GORDON HOUSE.—THE ENTRANCE HALL: LITTLE HOUSEMAIDS AT WORK

## London School Board Pictures



A MAYPOLE DANCE ON THE LAWN

number of boys. It was not until the year 1897 that the Board opened its first industrial school for girls. Previous to that time the girls' cases which came before the Industrial Schools Committee were dealt with by being sent to various industrial schools for girls with which the Board have agreements. That plan is still adopted in many cases, but the youngest children are now generally sent to Gordon House.

There is little enough in the outward appearance of Gordon House to suggest a school or institution. Standing in the midst of the spacious and beautiful grounds, the long two-storeyed building, creeper-covered in parts, wears still the appearance of an old English family mansion. Inside the house the changes are naturally more apparent. The entrance hall, into which we are admitted by a bright little girl in a neat green serge frock, is no doubt much the same as it was when the door-keeper was a powdered flunkey. The marble floor and marble columns and the fine oak staircase are unchanged, but a School Board "museum" standing in one corner has a slightly incongruous appearance. To

the left of the hall is the drawing-room, which has a fine marble mantelpiece and a richly-moulded and gilded ceiling, but for the rest its magnificence is departed, the furniture consisting of the plain useful desks and appliances of an ordinary board school. This is the main school-room, and the large conservatory beyond serves as a class-room. Up-stairs in the dormitories there is, of course, no magnificence, but plenty of homely comfort; the smaller rooms especially, with their four or five little clean white beds and one or two cots for the "babies," pictures on the walls and even a few knick-knacks on the mantelpiece, are more suggestive of the night nursery in a middle-class home than of the dormitory of a public institution. The bedrooms are distinguished by the names of flowers, and from the windows the children can look out upon "the fair and goodly Thames," as yet uncontaminated by the grime of the great city.

A cottage has been built in the grounds to provide extra sleeping accommodation; the laundry also is located here. Another building which stands apart from the rest

## London School Board Pictures

has a distinctly ecclesiastical appearance; it was, in fact, built for a chapel, though never used as such. This is now the children's play-room, and here in neat little cupboards they keep their personal treasures.

In the laying out of the grounds it is said that King William IV. took a deep personal interest, and that he was well pleased with the result. But it is not likely that His Majesty or any of the aristocratic occupants or visitors to Gordon House ever obtained from these beautiful grounds a tithe of the pleasure and benefit which they now afford to some of the slum children of London. The front of the

children, it may be mentioned that the estate was acquired on very favourable terms. The freehold of the house and grounds was bought for £7000, and it is not likely that a site could have been obtained elsewhere and a suitable home and school built for anything like that sum.

And how does the new and strange environment affect the children? It would be difficult to find a more striking example of the power of environment than Gordon House affords. One little girl, when for the first time she crossed the marble floor of the entrance hall, asked in an awestruck whisper, "Is this the King's house?"

And it may well be that the beauty and dignity of the material surroundings tend in some degree to extirpate what is mean and squalid in thought and habit. But, of course, the chief influences are the regular, healthy life, the gentle discipline, and the continuous mental and moral training.

Taken as a whole the Gordon House children, when they first come to the school, belong to the lowest type



IN THE KITCHEN: LEARNING TO COOK

house, looking away from the river, faces a well-kept lawn, in the middle of which is a fountain; beyond are well-wooded walks in the midst of which nestles one of those classic summer-houses, looking like miniature temples, in which the architects of the eighteenth and the early nineteenth century delighted. The rest of the ground has been more especially adapted for the uses of the present tenants; part is left uncultivated to form the children's play-ground, part is a kitchen-garden, and part has been parcelled out into little flower-gardens, which the children cultivate with loving care.

Lest it should be thought that the Board has been grossly extravagant in providing such a palatial home for industrial school-

of childhood—physically, mentally, and morally. Indeed some can hardly be said to have had a childhood at all, and the first work of the home is to recover the child nature, to bring laughter to the prematurely careworn and aged little faces, and something of the healthy child's buoyancy and eagerness into the dull, inert little lives. Miss Challenger, the superintendent, can tell some curious and sometimes tragic stories about her young charges. One of the girls had apparently never slept in a bed before she came to the home; every morning she was found curled up on the bedroom floor, and it was a long time before she could accustom herself to passing the night in the orthodox way. A little girl of six, a tramp's child, who had never

## London School Board Pictures

had a home in her life, when first brought to the school, slept for three weeks almost continuously; during all that time she never smiled, nor made any response to efforts made to amuse and interest her. Often the bath is a cause of great terror to newcomers, who can never have known the comfort of personal cleanliness, and to many night-gowns and tooth-brushes are mysterious articles of which the use is quite unknown.

Most of the children who have but just come to the school have their hair cropped short, like a boy's—a grim hint of the condition in which they arrived; some of these girls have a dull, apathetic look, others seem timid and frightened; sometimes it will take a child a little while to get out of the habit—so sadly suggestive of former ill-treatment—of raising her arm,



IN THE LAUNDRY

when spoken to, as if to shield herself from a blow.

Very striking is the contrast in appearance and manner presented by those girls who have been a year or two at the school. These, for the most part, are healthy and strong in body, and bright and alert in manner; some, especially of the younger ones, are quite pretty, and all seem very happy. The upward pull of environment

has overcome the downward pull of heredity; the evil bias has been worked out of their young lives. So, at least, it seems, and so we may hope. Whether the evil taint will ever reassert itself, and the girls, freed from the control of the institution, return to the evil associations of their earliest years, and throw off the orderly and sober ways they have acquired, it is, of course



TIDYING THEIR OWN BEDROOM



## London School Board Pictures

impossible to say. But the experience of the school, so far as it has yet gone, is altogether encouraging.

By Christmas, 1903, twenty-six girls had left the home. Every one was respectably employed in domestic service, and every one was still in touch with the school. Photographs of nearly all of them adorn Miss Challenger's sitting-room, and she can tell us the history of every one from the time of joining the school. As in the case of other industrial schools, the Board exercises some control over the scholars' movements till they reach the age of eighteen. But after that a girl is

school life than this—that the most evil influence in the lives of many of the children is that of their own parents.

The training at Gordon House is directed to making the girls capable and efficient domestic servants. Cooking and laundry-work are taught on much the same lines as in the ordinary day-school classes, and the big house affords plenty of opportunities for learning other branches of domestic work. Even the younger children have their little domestic duties, so that all may learn to be industrious and useful. Of course there is no difficulty in getting good places for the girls when they leave school, nor would

there be if there were twenty times as many girls available.

An additional air of homeliness is given to Gordon House by the presence of two or three "babies" ("baby" seems to be the technical name for a child who is too young to go to school). They are merry, fearless little creatures, who are everybody's pets, and to whom Miss Challenger is "Auntie." But perhaps there is some little administrative inconvenience in having



THE LITTLE ONES' BEDROOM: GETTING-UP TIME

free to choose for herself. The influence of the school will still be exerted to induce her to remain in service, but against this there is often the influence of unworthy parents, who will spare no effort to get the girl home now that she is able to earn money. As a general rule, the girls who have no friends are those whose future career gives least anxiety. The chief difficulties of the early years in service arise from the persecutions and importunities of so-called "friends." To urge a girl to resist the entreaties of her own mother may seem an unnatural proceeding, but often the only hope of sobriety and respectability for a girl lies in her so resisting. There is no sadder feature in industrial

children of such varied ages in the same institution.

The records of the London School Board have no more striking example than the story of Gordon House affords of the truth that the surest path to all social reform lies through the child. If children of the most depraved parents, reared under the very vilest of physical and moral conditions, can by the subtle influence of a new and happier environment be changed into bright, attractive little people with pleasant manners and right principles, and by and by into useful and self-respecting members of the industrial community, surely no child can be hopeless. And the problem which for thirty-three years the London

## London School Board Pictures

School Board has been doing its best to solve—the problem of how to give every child a fair start in life—is seen to be one which holds within itself the solution to more than half the difficulties and perplexities of the complex life of to-day.

Nor is this a new doctrine; it is but a re-statement of the saying of the wise man of old:

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

## The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

### Best Postcard Recommending *The Leisure Hour*

#### First Prize: One Guinea:

ALICE BIRT, Grove House, Leamington Spa.

#### Second Prize: Half-a-Guinea:

C. M. ANDERSON, 26 Church Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

#### Four Prizes: Half-a-Crown each:

EDWARD WHEELER, 95 Cromwell Road, Peterborough; MISS C. MAUD BATTERSBY, Cromlyn, Rathowen, Co. Meath; MRS. CATTERMOLLE, Eleigh Water, Chard; MISS FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL, 6 Portland Place, Kensington, W.

#### Very Highly Commended:

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H. J. CALVER; EDITH VERNON; FLORENCE BENTON; A. E. FREEMAN; M. A. BROWNE; MARY POWELL; E. BIRT; MRS. LE MESURIER; S. DALTON; CARRIE JENKINS; PATTIE PATTISON.

We are much obliged to all these friends, and others whose names are not mentioned, for their kindness in recommending *The Leisure Hour* to others. We append some of the post-cards sent.

Grove House, Leamington Spa,  
Jan. 8, 1904.

DEAR A.,

For the soundness of its views, and for wide and varied reading, I unhesitatingly advise you to take in *The Leisure Hour*.

M. always finds in it some item of interest for her budget of news to C. in his remote African station.

B. continually makes use of its up-to-date articles in the preparation of her General Knowledge Lesson in the High School.

D., who never will take sufficient rest, does sit down to read the serial stories.

E. derives much amusement and practice in perseverance from the competitions.

Even K. loves the pictures, and shows his infant appreciation by not tearing the leaves.

For myself I could tell you much more, but the limit is the post-card, not the merits of *The Leisure Hour*.—ALICE BIRT.

26 Church Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

MY DEAR —

I understand you do not take in *The Leisure Hour*, and as your family is growing up, and literature for the household becomes daily more important, I cannot too strongly recommend *The Leisure Hour*. The tales, all by writers of first rank, are intensely interesting, up-to-date and with a good purpose, without containing the sensational trash or vapid nonsense

one finds in most current periodicals, and which is so injurious to young and old. Then there are articles upon travel and research, which I should say cannot be beaten. Also social and school subjects—Poems, Astronomical, and Women's Interests—all thought of and well provided for. The circulation being world-wide, we get also personal narratives and information in "Over-Sea Notes," and last, but by no means least, the Chess, Fireside Club, and Eisteddfod pages of competitions, etc., alone make it worthy of your subscription. To sum it up in one word. I consider it "matchless"—therefore become a subscriber!—Yours very sincerely, C. M. ANDERSON.

95 Cromwell Road, Peterborough.

Allow me to recommend to you *The Leisure Hour* as the best 6d. magazine now published. It keeps to its old motto, "Amusement and instruction hand in hand," but is in every respect up-to-date. The Over-Sea Notes, which give much useful information re the colonies and foreign countries, interest me much, as do also the Astronomical and Science Notes. You are interested in Photography, and will be pleased with the Photo competitions; and if your boys play Chess, the chess page will delight them. Each number has usually good articles on literary subjects, travels, etc. "Women's Interests" will please Clara and Hilda, and you will all like the running story and the complete short stories. It is a magazine well illustrated and well got up. Try it for twelve months and you will be of the same opinion as—ED. WHEELER.

Cromlyn, Rathowen, Ireland.  
Jan. 8, 1904.

DEAR COUSIN,

If you can subscribe for any magazine this year, I heartily recommend *The Leisure Hour*. It has been taken in by our family since before I was born! and is more and more valued and valuable every month. *The Leisure Hour* is perfectly "up-to-date," and gives account of the most recent inventions and discoveries, in simple but accurate language. There are Notes from Over-Sea, telling of our colonies and foreign lands. "Women's Interests" are considered, and competitions give employment for spare hours. The illustrations are excellent, the stories full of life. I have found no trace of "cant," but the whole tone of the magazine is uplifting, and markedly helpful to practical Christianity. You will enjoy the poetry. I have been delighted with some lovely verses. "Popular, but not pandering to Popularity," is a motto which might characterise *The Leisure Hour*. Buy it—is the advice of your cousin.—C. MAUD BATTERSBY.

Eleigh Water, Chard.

Jan. 5, 1904.

Do you take in *The Leisure Hour*? (R.T.S.) It is a veritable library of information (Encyclopædia Britannica on a small scale)—absolutely pure, and useful not only for one's own reading, but to place in a reading-room or to lend afterwards.

V. M. CATTERMOLLE.

6 Portland Place, Kensington, W.

Jan. 8, 1904.

DEAR MRS. —

Will you get this month's number of *The Leisure Hour*? As a lover of all good things, I know you will be deeply interested in its contents. Its outlook, at this beginning of a new year, is a large one—taking in art, literature, travel, and several aspects of the social scheme. I think you will be pleased both with its breadth and its independence of tone; for it fearlessly uncovers, in, for instance, such an article as "The Critic on the Hearth," the causes that underlie the ills that afflict this community. If I wanted to commend it further to you, I should say that its tone is polished, and that its illustrations are charming. Looking for your opinion,

I am, sincerely yours, FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL.

# Free Trade v. Protection

Prize Essays, Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

## I.



INTERCOURSE between nations by means of international trade has existed in the world as far back as history can relate; and Governments have ever investigated and adjusted, to some extent, the means by which their own

particular country may benefit by the transactions. In order therefore to fully understand the problem, one must know as precisely as possible what is meant by the two systems under which nations may interchange their productions. Free Trade is simply an extension of the division of labour principle, by means of which each country, instead of being obliged to depend entirely on home manufactures, can devote its energies to those branches of trade or agriculture to which natural circumstances or national peculiarities have specially adapted it. Protection is the name given to the system of safeguarding from foreign competition, and so developing native industries by the imposition upon foreign commodities entering the country of duties calculated either to check the extent of, or to make altogether prohibitive, the entry of the commodities which compete with home production.

From an economic point of view Free Trade is preferable between the nations of the world, as under any system of Protection there is loss to each nation; because, for a nation to make a commodity for which it is less adapted than another, means that the consumer must pay more for that commodity, and therefore has less to spend on others, and so he has to go without some article which he would otherwise have bought. Trade, moreover, as history shows, has been the great civilising power in the world, and it has fostered that friendship between nations which lies in the dependency of one people upon another for the obtainment of that which it cannot itself produce cheaply or at all. A system of Protection, according to the definition, aims at a nation being self-sufficing, which means that less trade would be done with other countries; and although for a nation to be independent of the productions of others may in some things be satisfactory, yet for a nation to cut off or lessen trade with other countries cannot be considered an advance in the civilisation of the world. Adam Smith and Mill believed that under some conditions Protection was justifiable—such as in the case of infant industries or the shipping industry (for defence of the country)—but these, together with nearly all the other economists who have ever written,

clearly show that freedom of trade from an economic standpoint is eventually the best policy for every nation. There are, however, several continental economists who argue from a political standpoint that a country may, with beneficial results to itself, impose a tariff on foreign-made goods. It is from a political point of view that most Protectionists speak, and the arguments brought forward by them are met with economic and political answers by the upholders of Free Trade. During the course of the controversy in England the following main points have arisen:—

1. *Protection was the means by which England obtained commercial greatness.* It is stated that the commerce of England was raised upon the fabric of Protection which existed up to the middle of the last century, and that England's decline commenced with the adoption of Free Trade. In support of this is cited the case of the imposition of a tax on all imported manufactured woollens and the prevention of the export of raw wool in the time of the Tudors. The Free Trade reply to this is a direct negative, and the petition addressed to Parliament by the Anti-Corn Law League in 1835 is referred to; in this petition it was pointed out that in consequence of the existing tariffs in England, new industries were beginning to spring up on the Continent, and that the standard of comfort in England was very low; the petitioners prayed that the Government would adopt the Free Trade system.

2. *Protection would bring about the unification of the Empire if preferential tariffs were adopted with regard to trade with the Colonies.* It is put forward that if trade with the Colonies be given a preference over that with foreign countries, the bonds of union would be drawn tighter, as there would then be, in addition to the ties of sentiment, that of common material interests. The Free Trader, though, points out that English history proves that the extension, prosperity, and loyalty of the Empire have increased in proportion as trade restriction and preferences between its component parts have been abolished. In support of this is brought forward the fact that under a preference we lost what are now the United States of America, but that, under a system by which the central Government has refrained from meddling with trade, we have gained a greater and more united "Britain beyond the seas."

3. *Protection will increase the home trade and raise wages.* It is upheld that by Protection the home market would be secured for home producers; that a manufacturer, if assured of a certain sale, could afford to manufacture a larger number of articles and thus decrease the cost of each; he could also, then, dump any

## Free Trade v. Protection

surplus he might have in a foreign country, at or below cost. As the foreign manufactures would be kept out new industries would arise, the manufacturer would get a better price for his goods, and would therefore be able to pay his workmen more in wages. The reply on Free Trade principles is, that although some of the primary industries may be benefited, the industries employing a far greater number, and depending on these industries, will suffer; that if the steel industry be protected, shipbuilding and other industries will gradually sink, as the cost of constructing ships would go up in consequence of the increased price of steel. The standard of comfort is much lower in most of the protected countries than in England; wages in addition are lower also.

4. *Protection will help agriculture.* It is considered that by putting a tax on foreign wheat the price of bread will go up, the home farmer will then produce more wheat, more land will therefore be put into cultivation, necessitating more labourers. Another argument brought forward is that economic self-containment as regards the food supply is necessary to the well-being of any nation. The Free Trader urges against this, that rural depopulation is not governed by the price of corn, and is a more serious question in the United States and Germany than in England; that in case of war if the food be brought to England in a neutral country's vessels, there would be no necessity to protect them, whereas if brought in our own from the Colonies, a certain number of warships would of necessity have to be allotted as escorts, and thus diminish fighting strength.

5. *Protection will provide an instrument of retaliation by which the barriers of foreign tariffs may be beaten down and the area of Free Trade extended.* In support of this the Protectionist says: (a) That the English workman is not competing on an equal footing with the foreigner; that universal Free Trade is desirable, but there is not Free Trade when the foreigner keeps English exports from entering his country by means of high tariffs, while foreign goods enter England free. (b) That our imports into England exceed the exports by nearly £190,000,000, which amount is partly, at any rate, paid in bullion and specie. (c) That when adopted, Protection would provide a weapon to use against the foreigner to induce him to lower his tariffs on English exports. Against this the Free Trader says: (a) That exports and imports must be equal, that the difference quoted above is paid by past or invisible exports, chiefly as capital invested abroad and partly as services rendered. (b) That if Protection were adopted the cost of living would be increased and we should lose our trade with the neutral markets. Sir Robert Peel insisted that "the best way to meet hostile tariffs is by free imports." It is further advocated that Protection would lead us into a tariff war, and that universal Free Trade would be further off than ever.

In conclusion, it may be marked that the sup-

porters of Free Trade argue from a higher plane. For as to Empire, what is preferential trade contrasted with common institutions, a common history, common aspirations, common blood, and a common language? The Free Trade cause is also, first, that of the general interest against the particular interest, that of political purity against political corruption, that of social equality against powerful vested interests. It is, secondly, the defence of the small taxpayer against the large, for Protectionism threatens to shift the whole basis of taxation by placing a chief part of the burden on articles of general consumption. It is, finally, a protest against the fiscal jingoism which would injure the country from a blind dislike of the foreigner.

W. LIONEL JENKINS.

### II.

THE subject of Free Trade v. Protection is one of wide interest at the present time.

For nearly sixty years the doctrine of Free Trade has been upheld by a great mass of Britons, business men, political economists, and others, till it has almost become one of the fixed tenets of belief of many.

Such being the case, it is hardly to be wondered at that when, in May last, Mr. Chamberlain, in his now historic speech, delivered in Birmingham, struck out boldly for Protection and Preferential Tariffs to our Colonies, his proposals took many by surprise and were looked upon with suspicion by others.

One of the great obstacles which Mr. Chamberlain will have to overcome is deep-rooted prejudice in favour of existing conditions. He will be met by the class of people who say, "Things are very well as they are. Why disturb them?" "The country is prosperous and has prospered under Free Trade. Why make any change?" These forget that while manufacturing England has undoubtedly prospered under Free Trade, rural England and Ireland, more especially the latter, have suffered greatly under its régime, and do not make allowance for the fact that our prosperity need not be (and indeed is not) in any way derived from Free Trade, and one might almost say, we have prospered in spite of rather than because of it. They forget that other countries have likewise progressed, and in many cases have done so more under Protection than we have under Free Trade. Taking some figures—the exports from the United Kingdom during the ten years 1891-1900, as compared with the previous ten years, increased some 55 million pounds. When we compare these figures with those of other countries, we find that during the same period the United States increased their exports by 552 millions, Holland by 352, and Germany by 197 millions. Our progress, it will be seen, is small compared with that of some of our rivals. Still more significance is given to these figures when it is found that while the increase of the



## Free Trade v. Protection

United States exports represents an advance of 35 %, that of Holland of 47 %, and that of Germany 13 %, our increase is only a meagre one of 2 %.

Though we have prospered during the years we have been governed by Free Trade, yet it must be remembered that at the time we adopted it we had won our supremacy in the commercial world under Protection; also, about the same period, the discovery of steam, with its application to rail and boat, gold discoveries in Australia and California, the cutting of the Suez Canal and its resultant expansion of commerce with India, China and Japan, were all causes which would more than account for the wonderful impetus which was given to trade.

Political economists hold that the theory of what is known as "Division of Labour" holds good in political as well as in commercial entities, and that the many benefits which under the latter accrue to individuals would also be for the good of communities and nations under the former.

John Stuart Mill was a Free Trader, holding also that any such duty as the Preference given to the produce of a colony was economically wasteful as inducing to a more costly method of obtaining a commodity; yet he also states that "the only mode in which a country can save itself from being a loser by the revenue duties imposed by other countries is to impose corresponding revenue duties on theirs," showing that, as things now obtain, he would be a Protectionist.

There are few who will not admit that Free Trade—that is, true Free Trade—if it could be obtained, would be far the best for all. Cobden's definition of Free Trade was, "to bring about the free intercourse of commodities at their natural prices," that is, between nation and nation. At present we are the only country of any importance in the commercial world to adopt this method of business. Every other country but ourselves repudiates it, and while the products of others are admitted free to us,

our exports to them are handicapped by tariffs which, beginning small, often creep up till they become prohibitive. The consequence is we are found to be Free Importers rather than Free Traders. Another drawback to our system is, that under it our opponents are enabled to "dump" their surplus stock of goods upon our shores, often below cost price, and often to the permanent injury of existing home trade. Undoubtedly we at times get the benefit of cheap goods, but we may pay too great a price for that cheapness, and it must not be forgotten that we are producers before we become consumers, and that it is as necessary to look after the interests of the former as of the latter.

We are at present powerless to retaliate against foreigners when they impose tariffs upon our commodities. It is reasonably certain that if, for instance, at the time the McKinley tariffs were imposed upon us by America, we had been in a position to bargain, there would to-day be in existence many flourishing industries which have since been crippled or destroyed. Are we then to retain this system, of which we are almost the only supporters? Are we right while all the rest of the business world is wrong? In short, shall we remain Free Traders, or shall we become Protectionists? The question is a complex one, and only to be decided after the pros and cons have been carefully weighed.

It will then remain for each to decide whether he thinks it would be *pro bono publico* to remain as we are, or whether with Mr. Balfour we shall take steps to defend our commerce against the attacks of foreign nations, and get for ourselves protection against the conditions produced by our form of Free Trade; or whether with Mr. Chamberlain we shall strive to extend the unity of the Empire by giving preferential treatment to our Colonies, which will have the effect of, at the same time, consolidating our position amongst the nations of the world, of extending our basis of supplies, and of enlarging our markets for exports.

JAMES WILKINSON, JUNR.



# Over-Sea Notes

*From Our Own Correspondents*

## The Sea of Azov grows smaller

RUSSIAN papers state that the Sea of Azov is gradually shrinking, and that the shrinkage of the past few years is most marked. In the neighbourhood of the mouth of the Don, at Taganrog and Rostoff, the water is growing shallower, so that during a recent heavy land storm which lasted fourteen days, an area of 116 square versts was laid bare, and only sand and morass was seen where but a few years ago steamers used to load and unload their cargoes. The Government are taking steps to cope with the shrinking of the sea, as it is most important that ships have access to the important grain emporiums along the coast. A Commission appointed by the Tsar to suggest practicable proposals have recommended that between Kertch and the opposite coast, where the straits dividing the Azov from the Black Sea are only about two and a half miles wide, a huge causeway be built with an opening in the middle for the ingress and egress of vessels. The Russian engineers believe that this plan if carried out will raise the surface of the sea by three metres (117 inches). The cost of the singular undertaking will be about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  million pounds sterling, and it is said that the Tsar has ordered the work to be commenced and carried through with all speed.—M. A. M.

## Vatican Finances

THE news, more or less correct, which has leaked out with regard to the money left by Leo XIII. to his successor, has obliged the Vatican to reiterate, contradict, explain, and discuss the subject to such an extent as to give a sufficiently exact idea of the financial condition of the headquarters of Roman Catholicism, and how the money collected from the Faithful throughout the world is spent. From the official figures given out by the Holy See it appears that, notwithstanding the 30,000,000 francs lost by Leo XIII. in mistaken financial speculations, and the several other millions which, at the Vatican, they themselves call wasted in sterile attempts, he left to Pius X. a patrimony amounting altogether to 42,000,000 francs, which represent a yearly income of about 1,680,000 francs. This, however, merely

represents a very small portion of what is necessary to him who calls himself the "Vicar of Christ upon earth" to keep up his State and Court as a Sovereign. Indeed, the yearly expenditure of the Holy See reaches 7,000,000 francs, so that, considering the savings which both Pius IX. and Leo XIII. were able to make between expenditure and revenues, it is evident that the collections of the Vatican from the Roman Catholics represent an average of 6,000,000 francs a year. This will, to a certain extent, explain why the Pope has always refused the 3,225,000 francs which the Italian Government generously sets aside for them yearly, according to the Law of Guarantees, voted by Parliament eight months after the fall of the Temporal Power, and representing what was at that time the expenses as inscribed in the Vatican Budget, the expenditure for the Apostolic Palaces, the Sacred College, the Ecclesiastic Congregations, the Secretaryship of State, and its Diplomatic Body abroad. It is evident that if the Vatican accepted the 3,000,000 francs offered by the Italian Government it would risk to see the 6,000,000 of the Faithful disappear or be reduced almost to nothing. Interesting reading is furnished by the way in which the Vatican spends its 7,000,000 francs a year, which are roughly divided as follows: Diplomatic Body, 2,750,000 francs; Papal Court, including the personal expenses of the Pope, guards, etc., 1,500,000; Secretaryship, State, 850,000; subvention to press, 750,000; Sacred College, 500,000; political propaganda, 400,000; religious ceremonies, 200,000; charity, 50,000. Nothing could be more eloquent than these figures in proving how the money of the poor, who deprive themselves of necessities to give it, is spent in its greater bulk, for purposes which have no connexion with religion.—I. C.

## "Water, Water everywhere, but not," etc.

THE average Australian bushman is apt to think himself a very clever person in matters pertaining to his own comfort, especially where his stomach is concerned, yet in the coastal districts he is, as a rule, absolutely ignorant of the food value of many trees,

## Over-Sea Notes

plants and creepers that the aborigines are well acquainted with and resort to in times of necessity. Then too, on the seacoast itself there is always to be found an ample supply of very nutritious food, of which ninety-nine out of every hundred persons are most likely in ignorance. Many hundreds too of seafaring people who have been cast away on the Australian coast have suffered terribly from, or have succumbed to starvation or thirst when there was both an ample supply of food and water to their hands, had they known where to seek it. The writer well remembers how, in his boyhood's days, seventeen shipwrecked seamen landed on the coast of New South Wales between Smoky Cape and Point Plomer, and suffered the agonies of thirst, when in all the scrubs that lined the littoral there were countless thousands of thick vines depending from the forest trees that only needed to be cut into short lengths and held upright to yield a plentiful supply of water—acid and astringent, it is true, but pure. And yet the local settlers who discovered the half-maddened castaways searching for water took them five miles to a creek to satisfy their thirst! This water from the vines, if it is boiled, at once loses its astringency and becomes as soft as rain-water. A piece of vine six inches in diameter and two feet in length will yield two-thirds of a pint of water, especially in the dry, hot summer months—the greater the dryness of the season the greater the yield; in the rainy season the thousands of tiny tubes which compose the interior of one of these lianas and carry the supply of liquid derived from the soil up to the leaves, become swollen and clogged, and only a few spoonfuls will result from the severance of a piece, unless the vine is cut high up, where doubtless the rays of the sun and the action of the wind assist towards a better percolation. And then as to food: the Australian coastal settler has not yet learnt that in the very barren-looking beaches of sand that in some cases stretch and curve for fifty miles, there lie hidden, a few inches beneath, in the despised "pippey," or triangular-shaped cockle, a bivalve which he knows only as "a good bait for fish," a valuable food product, rich and nutritious to a degree. It can be either baked or boiled, and is far superior in its delicacy of flavour to the much-vaunted American clam—which, alas! like the British oyster, should be eaten with great circumspection and

not too far away from a competent medical man who has had a long experience of the causes of typhoid.—L. B.

### A Great Wheat Harvest

In the three great wheat-growing States of the Australian Commonwealth—Victoria, South Australia, and New South Wales—the wheat harvest is now (November 20, 1903) being reaped. Last year the wheat was a failure all over the continent, and thousands of tons of wheat had to be imported from North America, India, and the Argentine. In Victoria only some 3,000,000 bushels were garnered, less than half of what is needed for the State's home consumption. This season the yield is expected to reach 20,000,000 bushels, which will leave us a large surplus for export. South Australia will also have several million bushels to export, and New South Wales a considerable amount, while even Queensland may have enough to supply her own wants. The financial results to the continent will be very important, as our wheat exports will help us greatly to pay our foreign indebtedness. The great bulk of the Victorian comes from the Mallee, in the north-west—the temporary drought emigration from which was described in these pages a few months ago. This season the Mallee is one vast expanse of waving wheat-fields. The transformation from the desolation of drought is simply magical. Already the golden wheat is beginning to arrive in Melbourne, and by mid-summer it will be pouring down to the ports. The only trouble now is how to handle this vast quantity of grain. The railway department has built hundreds of new trucks and new engines, and long special trains bringing nothing but wheat will soon be running night and day from the Mallee to Melbourne. But it is believed that it will be impossible to avert a block. Dozens of ships are already engaged to receive wheat cargoes, and at the port of shipment it is proposed to load continuously night and day. This fine wheat harvest, which is the best on record, will mean over £2,000,000 more income for our farmers; while the drop in the price of flour, from £1 6s. per bag of 200 lbs. to between 14s. and 16s. will be a great boon to the consumer. Besides good crops the Mallee farmers have also splendid grass, more than their stock can consume. And it is all due to the fact that this winter and spring five or six inches more rain fell than was the case last year.—F. S. S.



# Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

## Helium and Radium

ABOUT thirty years ago certain rays were observed when sunlight was analysed with the spectroscope. The light could not be matched with rays obtained from any terrestrial material; and the name helium—the element of the sun—was given to the then unknown substance which it represented. In 1897 Sir William Ramsay found that a gas given off when cleveite and other rare minerals are heated emitted the helium rays, when it was rendered luminous, and this gas proved to be identical with that of the sun. Investigations made a few months ago suggest that emanations from the wonderful new element, radium, are converted into helium gas in the course of a few days. The emanation or radio-active gas from a minute quantity of a compound of radium was collected and sealed up in a glass tube. When the gas in the tube was rendered luminous by electricity, no trace of helium rays could be discovered in its light. After standing for three days, however, the characteristic helium rays were clearly exhibited; and later experiments confirmed the reality of the change from one element to another. As an element has hitherto been considered to be a simple substance from which no other body can be obtained, the apparent transmutation from radium to helium was quite unexpected, and could not easily be explained. Prof. J. Dewar has found helium gas in the water from hot springs at Bath, and the Hon. R. J. Strutt has since discovered that the mineral deposits which collect in the tanks and pipes of the springs contain radium in appreciable quantities. It has therefore been suggested that the helium gas in Bath waters owes its origin to large quantities of radium at a great depth below the earth's surface. At Lord Blytheswood's laboratory, Renfrew, radio-active gases, like the emanations from radium, had previously been found in waters from the Buxton springs, as well as from those at Bath; and Prof. J. J. Thomson obtained air with the same curious properties from Cambridge tap-water, and from the water of certain deep wells. The question now arises whether the curative qualities of these waters are due to these gases; and if this proves to be the case, the emanations of radium may prove of the greatest value in the treatment of tuberculosis and other diseases.

## Cells and Cancer

SOME observations of cell structure, recently made by Prof. J. B. Farmer, Mr. J. E. S.

Moore, and Mr. C. E. Walker, have an important bearing upon our knowledge of the nature of cancer growths, and may lead to the discovery of the cause of the disease. Briefly, the discovery is that cancer is not due to a microbe or parasite, but is associated with certain changes of cell structure. All plants, and all animals, are composed of elementary organs called cells, each of which, when examined under a microscope, is seen to contain a rounded body called the nucleus. Every change in the form and size of an organism is simply the expression of the mode of growth and multiplication of the individual cells of which the living thing is made up. In general, the cells multiply by dividing into two parts, but the division is preceded by extensive changes in the nucleus. Before the mother nucleus has thus divided into two daughter nuclei, filaments appear which are easily stained with dyes and so rendered visible, and these divide up into a definite number of segments, known as chromosomes. Critical examination has shown that the changes which the cells undergo when a malignant growth such as cancer is spreading, are distinct from those which occur in the case of ordinary tumours. The nuclear chromosomes pass through totally different series of changes, as compared with those exhibited by the chromosomes of the nuclei of healthy cells, their shape being different, and their number in every case being reduced to one-half. The changes are exactly similar to those which take place when new cells are produced, not by the purely vegetative process of division, but by the fusion of two cells. The observations thus suggest that the malignant tissue of cancerous growths originate in cells that have lost their normal character, and have directly assumed the nature of reproductive tissues. Changes of this character are common in plants, but they have not before been found in animal cells, and the discovery of their association with cancer is regarded by the Cancer Research Committee as of the highest importance; for the disease cannot be scientifically treated until its exact nature is understood. Apparently, if a means could be found of preventing the ordinary cells of the body from developing into cells having reproductive characters, the growth of a cancer could be stopped.

## Electric Designs

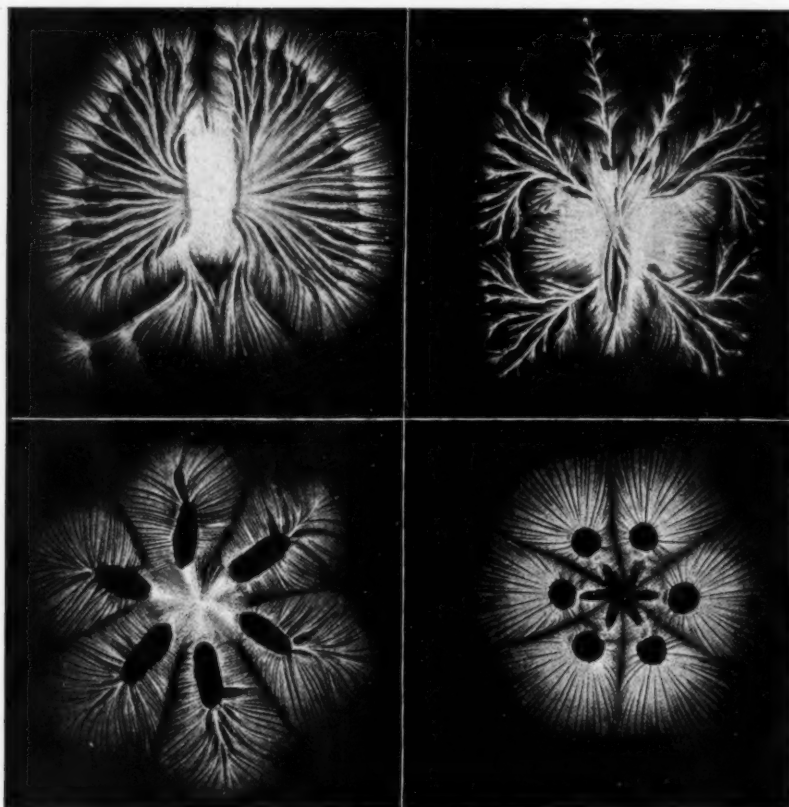
BEAUTIFUL designs can be produced by connecting a photographic plate with an electrical machine or intensity coil and causing a



## Science and Discovery

discharge of electricity to take place over it in a dark room. The plate should be placed with its non-sensitive side on a sheet of metal connected with one pole of the machine or coil, and a metal point connected with the other pole should be in contact with the sensitive face. After a spark has passed from the source

The stencil is of course removed before the spark passes, so that the design is reproduced on the sensitive surface by the powder, the remainder of the surface remaining clean and smooth. Some of the ornamental patterns obtained by electrical discharges over plates treated in this way, and then developed after



PHOTOGRAPHIC PATTERNS PRODUCED BY ELECTRICITY

of electricity, the plate is developed, and remarkable figures will be found upon it. Prof. S. Leduc has produced curious and interesting designs by placing various stencil patterns upon the plate and dusting them with fine powders, such as starch or flowers of sulphur, before causing the discharge to take place.

the dust has been removed, are shown in the accompanying pictures from the *Scientific American*. An infinite variety of similar electrical figures can be obtained by the simple means described, and the effects are produced when only a small machine or coil is used for the discharge.



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# Varieties

## "Soyez Tranquille"

WHILST at Balacava embarking the army we lived well, and Soyer, the French chef sent by our intelligent Government to teach the British soldier how to prepare his food! used occasionally to cook for us. He was a most amusing fellow, full of good stories, which he told well. Asked upon one of these occasions if he were married, he said, with a sigh, that he was a widower. There was a little pause upon this announcement, and then he described the many virtues of his late consort. But we gathered from him that her temper was extremely irritable, and from what he said she must have had a sharp tongue. I daresay her patience was often tried by her laughing but, doubtless, loving husband. Looking very solemn, he ended his story by saying he had buried her in Père la Chaise Cemetery, having inscribed on her tombstone "Soyez tranquille."  
—*The Story of a Soldier's Life*, by Lord Wolseley.

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UPON a mountain height, far from the sea,  
I found a shell,  
And to my listening ear the lonely thing  
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,  
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.  
How came that shell upon that mountain height?  
Ah, who can say  
Whether there dropped by some careless hand,  
Or whether there cast when ocean swept the land,  
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?  
Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,  
One song it sang—  
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,  
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide—  
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.  
And as the shell upon the mountain height  
Sings of the sea,  
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—  
So do I ever, wandering where I may—  
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home!  
of thee.—EUGENE FIELD.

## Astronomical Notes for March

THOSE who carried out the Gregorian reformation of the calendar were desirous of making the vernal equinox fall on the same date (March 21st) as it did at the time of the Council of Nicaea in A.D. 325, or as near it as was consistent with a tolerably simple rule, in order that the rule then established for the observance of Easter might still hold. Now, if the year contained 365½ days exactly, this would be the case by the Julian reckoning, according to which each fourth year is a leap-year without exception. But as a year is a few minutes short of 365½ days, the effect of that rule was that the vernal equinox fell slightly earlier

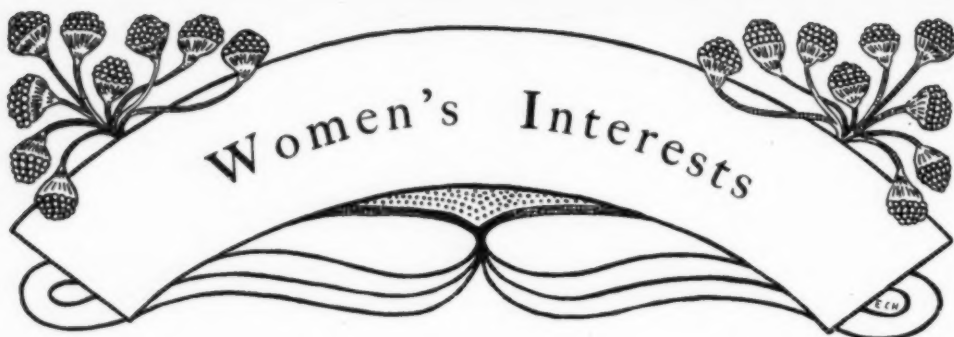
each year, amounting to a whole day in about 132 years. The Gregorian reformation consisted in omitting a leap-year at the end of each century (except each fourth century), and also in striking ten days out of the calendar by which the vernal equinox had become earlier than the 21st of March, when the reformation was effected in 1582 (it was not adopted in England until 1752). The result was that the vernal equinox fell on the 20th of March towards the end of each century, but was restored to the 21st at the beginning of the next. This equinox is the day on which the Sun crosses the equator from south to north, the actual time of which is at different hours of the day. Thus in 1901 it took place on the 21st of March at 7 o'clock in the morning; in 1902 at 1 o'clock in the afternoon; and in the last year at 7 o'clock in the evening; present year (which is a leap-year) it will be at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 21st of this month.

The Sun rises at Greenwich on the first day of this month at 6h. 47m. in the morning and sets at 5h. 38m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 6h. 26m. and sets at 5h. 55m.; and on the 21st he rises at 6h. 3m. and sets at 6h. 12m. (The Sun on the 21st day, that of the equinox, is on the meridian about 7 minutes past noon by our clocks, which keep mean time; refraction also somewhat lengthens the day at both ends.) The Moon is Full at 2h. 48m. (Greenwich time) on the morning of the 2nd; in her Last Quarter at 1h. 1m. on that of the 9th; New at 5h. 39m. on that of the 17th; in her First Quarter at 9h. 37m. on the evening of the 24th; and Full again at 44 minutes past noon on the 31st. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 1st (following which exceptionally high tides may be expected); in apogee, or farthest from us, at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 14th; and in perigee again about a quarter before 10 o'clock on the evening of the 29th. An annular eclipse of the Sun will take place on the morning of the 17th, which will not be visible in any part of Europe or America. The central line will cross the Indian Ocean from south-east Africa a little to the north of Madagascar to Sumatra and the Malayan Peninsula, where the eclipse will be best seen to the north of Singapore soon after midday. No other phenomenon of importance is due this month. The planet Mercury will be visible in the morning at the beginning of the month, but will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 26th. Venus is a morning star passing from the eastern part of Capricornus through Aquarius into Pisces; she will be in close conjunction with Saturn on the 8th near the star Iota Capricorni (of the 4½ magnitude), and near the Moon on the 15th. Mars is scarcely visible this month, setting about an hour after the Sun. Jupiter is visible for a short time after sunset at the beginning of the month, but will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 27th. Saturn is visible before sunrise, and (as already remarked) will be in conjunction with Venus on the 8th.

W. T. LYNN.

H H





## Matters of Dress

RECENTLY a writer who moves in fashionable circles but retains a level head, was discussing the features of the present day as contrasted with those of twenty-five years ago, and she said that whereas then an unmarried girl could, with careful expenditure, make an allowance of £80 per annum suffice for her wardrobe, it was now impossible to meet the necessary demands under £120. The lady ascribed this to the increased area of occasions for which an entire change of outfit is necessary. Materials are cheaper than they were, and the careful investor can still find tolerable dressmakers that are not exorbitant; but new items are added in the shape of dress for the golf links, dress for the skating rink, dress for the motor car, and so on *ad infinitum*, and the struggling girl must keep abreast of the times.

In a way it is beside the question to say that many households meet all the obligations of life on the same annual sum that keeps the poor Society girl strained and harassed over her wardrobe, and that many other households would feel themselves rich beyond the dreams of avarice were such an income regular and certain. In another way it is not irrelevant, since we are all units of the same race, not to put the position on a still higher level, and, whether we recognise it or not, we affect each other mentally, morally and spiritually. The prosperity of a nation is not the prosperity of a section, but of the whole. There is something that grievously needs rectification when it has become absolutely indispensable that what would maintain a small family and prepare it for a life of usefulness shall be spent on covering the person of one young girl, she being an economist at that. Not very long ago the same literary lady suggested that the best use to which philanthropic people could put their superfluous capital would be to endow young men whose allowance was insufficient to meet their social obligations. The proposition was advanced in all seriousness; the writer had found the position of the youths in question pathetic.

The late Dean Farrar and many others have drawn attention to the fact that present-day righteousness has moved past the effort towards personal rectitude into the field of effort to increase opportunities of rectitude for others. To-day the higher Christianity strives not only not to cause the weaker brother to offend, but to help him out of the groove of temptation to offence. The community is becoming generally conscious of the ills of the submerged, and that is something, since consciousness and conscience are akin. Motor coats and velvet skating suits are hardly quite so cosy when the wearer knows that thousands of homeless poor are wandering nightly through the bitter cold of London's streets, and that the Salvation Army and kindred organisations are striving to supply a free meal to each at 2 A.M., so far as funds will permit.

To give alms is much, but after all it is only elementary Christianity; the higher Christianity takes the case of the poor and of him that hath no helper on its heart, and says, "I suffer in my weaker brother's woes." When his difficulties and hindrances become ours, we feel it is not enough to put food into his hungry mouth, we want to put hope into his empty heart and opportunities into the hands that are losing their skill for lack of these. The Salvation Army does this where it is possible, and so we can help the Army while thinking out our own plans.

There is nothing in themselves sinful in skating or motoring or golfing, they may afford much needed relaxation to wearied brains or bodies, and it is natural that parents with means

should like the young people to be properly equipped wherever they go. But think of a life spent in relaxation! Always to relax a bow that is never drawn, always to rest from effort that never has been or will be made! If the mere thought of it is oppression, what must the reality be? For a time it will seem all right, enjoyment itself is a glittering object that looks well worth pursuit, but when it has been attained and held and tested as a mere simulacrum, think of the ghastliness of renewing the chase!

The revived religion which one can confidently predict, so crying is the need of it among all sections of the community, will take much cognisance of procedure and of the habits of the individual, and will obliterate a good deal of ceremonial observances. Multitudes are asking mournfully to-day why church attendance is dwindling, why the religious census wears such a depressing aspect. Some people have offered rude explanations, and others could have done so and refrained. May it not be that religious teachers have often forgotten that respect for wealth is evil, that the individual possession of wealth is evil and cannot be productive of good, that idleness and waste and vice are its train-bearers, and that wherever these go a desolate world is left in their wake? I should be disposed to say that the new religionists will make very strict rules in the matter of dress, so that the eye will see at a glance who is a Christian woman and who is a wanton; and that it will insist on the justice of the rule that whoso will not work shall not be fed to repletion. But at present Christianity seems to be a matter of "go as you please," and thus £120 per annum has become a starvation allowance for a nice girl's dress, while the tide of despair and misery among the penniless, the workless, and the homeless rises daily. When the churches begin to define the rules of Christianity on the basis of voluntary abstinence from wealth as a first essential of the law of universal brotherhood, we shall find again the obscured light of the first century.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

### LITERARY.

*Cautious.*—The late Sir Walter Besant was very pronounced in his opinion that under no circumstances should an author publish his own books, by which he meant be responsible for their cost of production. He went so far as to say that if the author did so, "no one will buy the book, no one will order it, no one will read it." The advice was sound in a way, because a publisher is usually a pretty good judge of what will be saleable—though there also experts differ. I know one very reputable firm that never seems to dream that the offer of a MS. means anything else than "What will you take to publish it?" and takes the breath of the inexperienced away by making a demand where the author expected an offer. But that house, to my certain knowledge, did very well for at least one author who was willing to pay for his venture, and doubtless also for many more whom I could not indicate. For the publication of a very original and uncommon book the author might often most fearlessly pay, saving himself trouble and worry thereby, but the danger lies in his inability to judge of his own production, especially if it be a first work. The fitness of his conception may be obvious to himself, while the imperfection in working it out, due to inexperience, may escape his notice. I fear volumes of poetry never prove remunerative, so few people buy poetry; indeed, the astonishing thing is that any books prove remunerative except Christmas gift books, in view of the very limited number of book buyers that any one can count in his or her circle of friends. Ruskin was his own publisher, so was Herbert Spencer, and Dickens undertook the issue of his

## Women's Interests

own books for self-protection. So you see the venturesome one would be in very good company. Nevertheless I advise caution to every one unprepared to meet pecuniary loss with absolute equanimity.

*Catherine.*—The verses you enclose are somewhat reminiscent of Tennyson, but that is a very good model. I subjoin "The Thrush" with pleasure.

"Thou art mine, thou art mine, thou art mine!"  
Cries the thrush to the thrush;  
Fold a moment thy little brown wing  
On the blossoming bush,  
While our comrades are jocund with wine,  
With the wine of the spring.

For the crocus spreads wide to the sun  
All its virginal blue,  
And the snowdrop is laughing and shaking  
Her skirts from the dew,  
For the anguish of winter is gone,  
And joy is awaking.

"Thou art mine, thou art mine, thou art mine!"  
O delight of possession,  
O infinite rapture of glees,  
O joy of confession:  
"I am thine, I am thine, I am thine  
To eternity."

The jar of the last line in each verse is rather disturbing, otherwise I consider this a delightful little poem, and wish the writer—yourself or another—every success.

### EDUCATIONAL.

*F.M.H.*—You could teach yourself a helpful amount of any language by means of a grammar with exercises and a key to these, and a dictionary. But at the beginning it would be necessary to have a few lessons in pronunciation if your knowledge is to prove useful as a medium of spoken communication. Fortunately the rules for pronouncing German are few and easy. Chambers publishes a very good German Grammar written by Dr. Eduard Aue. I have no doubt a key is available. Otto's German Grammar and exercise book professes to render the pupil proficient in six months, but I have never known any one who proceeded through a fourth of its pages. Exercises on the penknife of the gardener's wife and the book of the maid-servant's uncle's cousin were never useful and have become obsolete.

### EMPLOYMENTS.

*A.B.C.*—Probably women may be allowed one day to practise as barristers, but for the present it is not permitted in England. In other countries some women barristers have been moderately successful. Were it the English custom, do you think anything of importance would be modified thereby? I fear the desire to-day to invade protected areas is actuated somewhat by desire of personal notoriety. There is no celebrity (I) as cheap as that which may be gained by blowing a trumpet outside gateless walls and then crying that you have suffered injury because the walls did not collapse forthwith. There are very few men who have become distinguished lawyers, there are thousands who fail to make a livelihood by their profession. The desire on the part of women to enter among them savours to my mind of that personal vanity and arrogance which in some measure justify the detractors of all that is called the woman movement. I should like women to be legislators, law-makers, but not exponents of law until it has been proved that the demand for these exceeds the supply. The most crying necessity in the matter of law is that its price shall be lowered, it is monstrous that the price of justice should often mean financial ruin to the applicant. In earlier times it was the highest function of royalty to administer justice free. Then the mandate "Honour the King" became intelligible to the most primitive mind. Women have not done so supremely well in medicine that they need seek to storm other *passages*. But they have perhaps done as well as the same number of average men, which in some measure proves my constant contention of the intended and actual equality of the sexes. It is legitimate for women to endeavour to do the work for

which they think themselves specially fitted, but until they are assured both of the gift and the necessity, they might advantageously study to be quiet.

*Marjorie.*—Your letter compels a smile, but not of a derisive nature, I hope. You would like to travel, and you want to hear of some lady that would take you as a travelling companion. My dear little girl, how do you propose to compensate that lady for the expense and trouble of trundling you about? What languages do you speak? What cares of custom house and hotel are you prepared to shoulder that the paymistress may go free? Are you ready to undertake the work of a lady's-maid, of a courier, of a guide through cities of renown? A clever woman possessed of some linguistic skill, and aged between thirty and forty, might obtain a temporary engagement from one of the tourist companies to conduct a party of travellers through this or other continents, especially if she had already been over the ground; but generally such appointments end with the tour, though it is conceivable that they might be rendered permanent. For inexperience or incapacity there is not much need in these bustling days. Apropos of temporary guides, I once travelled from Rome to Naples with a party which a clergyman conducted, and he was humorous enough in his estimate of his obligations to have deserved the eminence that pertains to being put into a book. He had not the most shadowy idea that anything devolved on him save to enjoy the journey under the easiest conditions. If the party ever lost sight of him he was gone for the day, and those dependent on him for guidance might worry through as best they could. But it was generally safe to look for him in the dining-room; if he was not there the shepherdless sheep might turn next to the buffet, which was a handy resort between meals. When a waggone for the party came round he genially climbed to the box seat; if the rest of the party could stow themselves into the body of the conveyance well and good, if not, no matter. Arrived at any place of interest, he usually took the interpreter's arm, and plied him with questions of interest to himself as the party moved from point to point. When an individual from among his following could catch hold of him he gave answers to the questions propounded in amiable abstraction, as when a pre-occupied father has his sleeve tugged by a too inquisitive child. As I stopped at Naples I do not know how the party got back to England, but I have often hoped since that not more than two or three of them were lost by the way.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

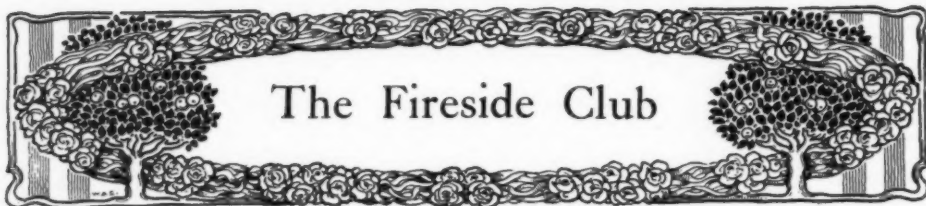
*Claudia.*—Doubtless character may be indicated by handwriting, and an earnest student thereof could formulate a theory, as that this curve expresses that quality in the mind of the writer; but what is the use of such a science? One of the ladies' weeklies used to have a colossal graphology correspondence column, which I sometimes read; the answers were generally silly when they were not mischievous. I never saw how any human creature could be benefited by being told, "You are ambitious, sensitive, fond of home, capable of devoted affection," and so on, through a repertory very likely to foster conceit, and that too frequent malady of thinking oneself a being apart. It is far more useful to learn what one ought to do than what one is. In the first case mistakes are not likely to be so frequent.

*Opusculum.*—If there is a good doctor in your neighbourhood you had better consult him. The affection you describe seems to be psoriasis, for which the best external application is chrysophanic ointment, which you can procure from any druggist. The ointment permanently stains linen, so while using it you should wear under-clothing that you do not much value. Unless there is some personal reason against doing so, a patient is well advised to consult the local doctor. A personal interview with a sympathetic and helpful adviser often contributes much to the efficacy of the remedy.

*Nemo.*—The three of you must be very young. A few years hence I hope you will all be able to smile over the affair. It recalls an incident that happened in Paris recently, but there the girl actors let the matter become dire tragedy. Emotion is very strong when people are young, but there is an immensity of interesting life left after it has taken its natural place in the course of events, though the inexperienced find it difficult to believe this. Try to take my word for it, and leave time to decide between us.

### VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed — "Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.



## The Fireside Club

### SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

#### Fifth of Nine WHOLE.

*This fool clad in his rival's suit  
Asked verdict of the mirror mute,  
Whose judgment shewed him, sooth to say,  
As good a man in every way.*

1. To make his daughter *this*, the erstwhile mummer  
Besought a man he loved.
2. *His* gifts were such as yielded, in his May-time,  
Grave study's ripened crop.
3. When an evil man is born  
The evil cry of *this* affrights the morn.
4. To *this* in age, in loneliness, in sorrow,  
A friend in need was sadly self-compared.
5. Flatterers assured the monarch he was *this*,  
He proved the saying false.
6. When *this* is crossed by one he never saw,  
Of war the warrior dreams.

Observe that the above lines are NOT quotations. Find the words and passages referred to. The first three Acrostics in this series were:—

#### First of Nine

Slender, Emilia, Banquo, Autolycus, Suffolk, Timon, Isabella, Antony, Narbon = Sebastian.

#### Second of Nine

Rosalind, Imogen, Coriolanus, Henry, Arthur (Richmond was omitted), Douglas = Richard.

#### Third of Nine

Hortensio (*Ye* to be italicised), Othello, Tyrell, Sebastian, Pistol, Uncle, Richmond = Hotspur.

For the above answers the scores are as follows. The possible maximum of marks so far ( $10 + 7 + 8 = 25$ ) is credited to Acorn, Acrostician, Alaska, Amicus, A. C. R., Baril, Branwood, Bee, Corke, Dioclesian, Dingo, Elpis, Eda, Frog, Fern, Hawthorn, Israfil, Ilex, Jacko, Kitty, Katydid, Lux, Marcia, Meggs, Nosbor, Neighbours, Pug, Puck, Prospero, Phynodree, Plena Spei, Portia, Peg I., Peg II., Polly, Q. O. D., Research, Reldas, Ruth, Sancho, Sapere Aude, Senex, Thoca, Tar, Vicar, Violet, Woodranger, Witton, Waxwing, Youth.

The following have scored respectively:—Arvor 8, Amrat 24, Bluebell 10, Dilston 7, Dora 7, Epirus 16, Ednam 10, Gipsy 14, Good Luck 24, Hollyberry 2, Hedera 10, Junket 17, Mogg 24, Remus 15, Sans 17, Shamrock 6, Sarnia 14.

All answers for this month must be received by 15th inst. Next score in June number. Private correspondence is impossible.

#### Certain Cities in Browning

Athens: Pheidippides. Venice: In a Gondola. Assisi: Ring and the Book. Madrid: Waring.

Fiesolè: Andrea del Sarto. London: Bishop Blougram.

Prize for earliest answer awarded to A. M. PAGE, Sunnyside, Cavendish Road, Merton, Surrey.

### ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books received: MRS. WIGGINS' *Rebecca*, Gay and Bird, 6s. A. J. JOHNSTONE'S *Dreams that were not all Dreams*, Elliot Stock, 5s. Art Library Series, *Velasquez*, 3s. 6d., and MR. BEARD'S *Jack of all Trades*, 6s., both from Newnes, Ltd. MR. FIELD'S *Bondage of Ballinger*, Revell Co., 2s. 6d. GEORGE MARTIN'S *Emmy Lou*, Hodder and Stoughton, 5s. MR. HERBERT'S *Glimpses into Paradise*, Finch and Co. DR. MACMILLAN'S *Touch of God*, Brown, Langham and Co., 3s. 6d. MR. HASTINGS' *Spins of the Cycling Parson*, Walter Scott Co., 6s. MR. HARKEE'S *The Little People*, John Lane, 6s. ETHEL TURNER'S *Betty and Co.*, 3s. 6d., and B. A. CLARKE'S *Minnows and Trilons*, 3s. 6d., both from Ward, Lock and Co. MRS. MARSHALL'S *Winchester Meads*, Seeley and Co., 5s.

*Rebecca* makes her start in life at the very beginning of Mrs. Wiggins' story, and carries the delighted reader along with her to its close. She is an oddly-dressed little girl of eleven when we first see her parting from her mother, already "journey-proud" because she had travelled once before, her definition being that "it is a journey when you carry a nightgown." She is a child whom Sir Walter Scott's Pet Marjory would have loved, full of ideas, of intelligence and imagination. To the stage-driver who is taking her from her happy-go-lucky home to the austere up-bringing planned for her by her maiden aunts, she chatters happily.

"Paris is the capital of France, and you have to go to it on a boat," she said instructively. "It's in my geography, and it says, 'The French are a gay and polite people, fond of dancing and light wines.' I asked the teacher what light wines were, and he thought it was something like new cider, or, maybe, gingerpop. I can see Paris as plain as day by just shutting my eyes. The beautiful ladies are always gaily dancing around, with pink sunshades and bead purses, and the grand gentlemen are politely dancing and drinking gingerpop. But you can see Milltown most every day with your eyes open," Rebecca said wistfully. "Milltown ain't so great neither," replied Mr. Cobb, with the air of having visited all the cities of the earth, and found them as naught.

The difference between the two aunts waiting to receive the traveller is neatly indicated from the first, for

"while Miranda only wondered how they could endure Rebecca, Jane had flashes of inspiration in which she wondered how Rebecca would endure them."

At the outset Rebecca's impulsiveness and her aunts systematic methods are painfully incompatible—as her first letter to her mother hints.

"Hannah told me once you ran away with father, and I can see it would be nice. If Aunt M. would run away I think I should like to live with Aunt J. She does not hate me so much as Aunt M. does."

How the aunts and niece learnt to appreciate each

## The Fireside Club

other cordially the story unfolds, in a fashion at once humorous and creditable.

Of the *Dreams that were not all Dreams*, it seems to us that none were dreams. Most of them are musings with a purpose, and in some we find the author very wide awake, and writing to the point, as when he satirises the small-minded penmen who insist on biographing trifling and private details of the lives of great writers and thinkers. This is his rule for weighing the value of such biographies. "Do they help to show forth the best of the great man's spirit? If they do, good: if not, burn and forget them."

In their Art Library, of which *Velasquez* is an early number, Messrs. Newnes & Co. have hit the golden mean between volumes beautiful, but too costly for the many, and tiny editions illustrated indeed, but so poorly that extreme cheapness is their only merit. This volume on Velasquez is not expensive, and is at the same time well worth buying, worth having or giving, worth repeated inspection. The letterpress is brief and introductory to a number of fine reproductions of great pictures. Among the best plates we note the *Berlin Portrait of a Lady*, the *Infanta Marie-Margarita*, and, perhaps finest of all, a head of *Velasquez* himself.

The *Jack of all Trades*, of and for whom Mr. Beard writes, is the American boy. Living in a town, he may build a backyard Zoo for himself and stock it with jumping mice, white-footed mice, short-tailed meadow rats and flying squirrels, all to be found inside the city limits of Greater New York. Woodchucks and chipmunks may also be his pets, for the catching. Happy boy! The English boy, limited to a less interesting fauna, will find other of the many trades, so attractively described, more within his power. To build a backyard switchback seems as easy as to look at it, or a workshop, or a tree-top house, or an underground cabin, while the many pages full of good rainy-day ideas provide occupation for every girl or boy indoors. This book is quite up to the mark of its sub-title, a book of useful and delightful arts and handicrafts for boys of all ages.

*Ballinger* was an old American who collected books, and loved his *Bondage* to them. Only in a story, alas, may such a one grasp the rainbow of his desires. But, granting its unreality, the story is gracefully told, the rainbow seems to touch the earth, and its colours are fascinating.

Also from America comes the story of *Emmy Lou*, *Her Book and Heart*. Emmy Lou's school-days are here recorded with a progressive development skilfully suggested. She is an adorable child, whose every year has its individual beauty, and the illustrations from chapter to chapter interpret the text with a skill and charm quite their own, on which we congratulate the artist, Mr. C. L. Hinton. It is difficult to say whether Emmy is more lovable first in her grave little kitten aspect, impervious to the alphabet, or last as a star-eyed young Muse of Poetry, when life was all turning to poetry: "You just feel it, and then you write." Incidentally Emmy Lou's successive teachers are described with sympathy and humour, and the somewhat cumbrous working of the great educational machine from primer to sophomore class,

is all of interest as forming the character of Emmy Lou.

In *Glimpses into Paradise* Mr. Herbert writes with thoughtful suggestiveness on the soul's future life. The scope of his book is thus summarised in the preface:

"Carefully avoiding idle speculation, I have based my views on the general conditions of the life after death, first, on what the Bible says, which when put together amounts to far more than most people suppose; secondly, on what the Christian Church throughout the world has believed on the subject; and, thirdly, on what we may forecast from what we know of our Heavenly Father's love, as to the 'good things' which he is preparing for His children."

In the World's Pulpit Series a volume of Sermons by the late Dr. MacMillan, entitled *The Touch of God*, will find many readers. *The Fear of Evil*, *The Blamelessness of Ignorance*, and, above all, *The Right Treatment of Idols* strike us as specially useful in their teaching.

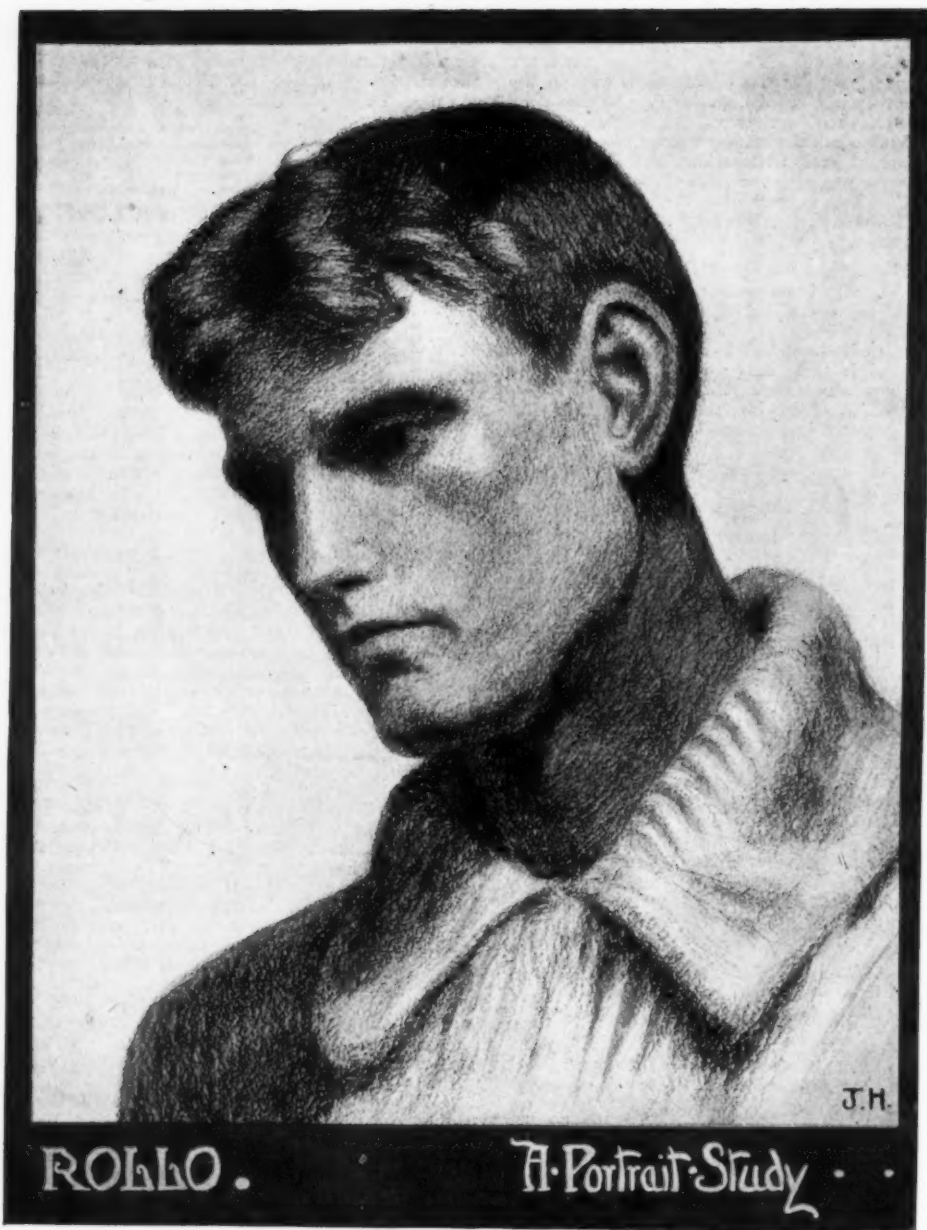
In recording the *Spins of the Cycling Parson*, Mr. Hastings has compiled a volume of lively discursive reading, covering a very wide range of topics. He cycles, "on an average, five thousand miles a year—doing as much as one hundred and forty-three miles in a day without excessive fatigue"; and since he is constantly visiting, observing, and asking questions about new places, he has gathered an immense amount of interesting material for this book. Although Mr. Hastings' sentences are often abruptly short (perhaps a note of his preaching manner) he has the happy professional gift of interweaving odds and ends of interest, gathered as he goes along, into his main theme, as a bird weaves bright-coloured findings into her nest. The legends and local features of many a by-way in England, France, and America enrich his pages, and ought to allure many a cyclist to follow in his tracks.

Mr. Harker's short stories of *The Little People* have all the colour and delicate grace of pastel drawings, and the true child-lover will note the fact that he has studied children of every rank in life with equal appreciation and skill. Our hearts ache alike for Tony's unattainable ideals and his despair—as for Rodney's blighted career—and Leon, though a Frenchman, is our blood brother. This is a book for the special shelf of child idylls, whose volumes are few and precious.

*Betty and Co.*, a girl's book of short stories, of which the title comes from the first and best, and *Minnows and Tritons*, for and about school-boys, are each capital reading, while print, binding, and pictures are such as do justice to the lively and amusing experiences recorded.

*Winchester Meads in the Days of Bishop Ken* is a reprint of one of Mrs. Marshall's popular stories set in history. To those who know the beautiful old city, once London's twin capital, this re-peopleing of cloister and college, palace and meads, with those who once lived and moved there, cannot fail to be of interest. Mrs. Marshall had the art of making the by-ways of history real, and of rousing interest not only in signal events but in their social backgrounds—in short, she could indicate the history of a period with unobtrusive skill.





Prize Drawing, *The Leisure Hour* Elsteddfod, by Jennie L. F. Herries

# Our Chess Page

## New Problem Tourney. Six Guineas in Prizes Solving Competition.

**Problem Tourney.** As announced last December, we are offering **Six Guineas** for the best two- and three-move problems submitted to us before April 15. Full particulars will be found on page 260 of the current Volume.

**Solving Competition.** A Gold and a Silver Medal are offered for the best batches of all problems (Retractors excepted) to be published during the year November 1903 to October 1904 inclusive. For full particulars see page 86.

### SOLVING COMPETITION PROBLEM.

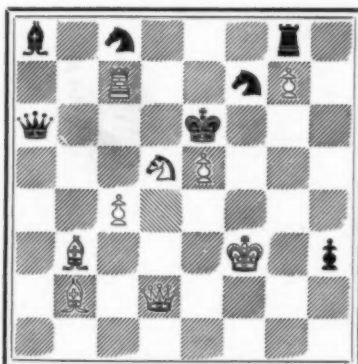
#### Prizes, Gold and Silver Medals.

For conditions, see *The Leisure Hour* for November or December 1903.

*"A Brazil nut."*

No. 11.—By a Brazilian Coffee Planter.

BLACK—7 MEN

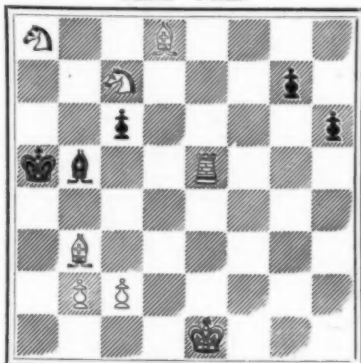


WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 12.—Problem by PERCY HEALEY.

BLACK—5 MEN



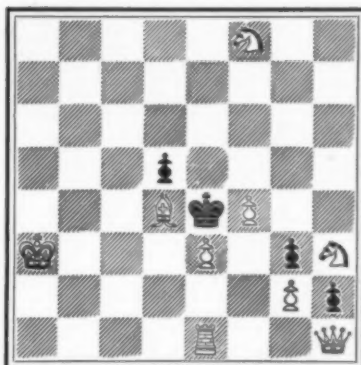
WHITE—8 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

*"Will o' the Wisp."*

No. 13.—Authorship unknown.

BLACK—4 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

For the Medals Competitions, Solutions to the above Problems must be sent in before April 18.

Solution to Mrs. Baird's Retractor, No. 2.

White K was on B 6, and × R on Kt 4, replace K and R.

Black B was on R 2 & × B on B 5, replace both Bs.

Black R—Kt 3 ch. White B × R dis ch mate.

Further solutions to Mrs. Baird's Retractor No. 1 have been received from J. W. ALLEN, F. W. ATCHINSON, EDWARD ATFIELD, H. BALSON, F. P. BRADBURN, F. H. CREBBIN, A. FAIRHURST, S. D. FRESCO, W. MEARS, H. OSBORNE, M.D., W. J. STABLES, J. P. STANDFAST, E. THOMPSTONE, R. G. THOMSON, A. WATSON, JAMES WHITE, REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT.

Solutions of ordinary problems (November to January) will be published next month.

The following little gem was played in the Championship Tourney at the City of London C.C.

Mr. J. F. LAWRENCE.

Mr. PEACHEY.

WHITE.

BLACK.

P—Q 4

P—Q b 4

P—Q 5

P—Q 3

P—K 4

P—K Kt 3

P—K b 4

P—K b 4

P—K 5

P—K 3

Q Kt—B 3

Q P × P

B P × P

P × P

Kt × P

Q—R 5 ch

P—Kt 3

Q—K 5 ch

K—B 2

Q × R

Kt—B 7 ch

K—B 2

B—B 4 ch

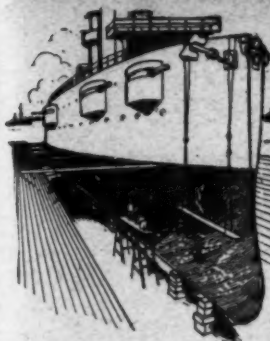
and White mates in three moves.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked **CHESS** on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the *Eisteddfod Ticket* from the Contents page.



THE LITTLE ORANGE-SELLER

Prize Drawing, *The Leisure Hour* Elsteddfod, by H. Lloyd



## BELOW THE WATER LINE

Many a good ship has received a blow below the water line that did not show, but the ship went down.

Many a man and woman is being injured by the use of greasy, undercooked food, but sometimes the hurt does not show until it is too late.

If your food causes stomach and liver troubles, or starves the brain and nerves it will finally locate a fixed disease in some one of the organs, and then the "ship may sink."

The breakfast you have to-morrow morning may lose or win your undertakings during the day.

A winner is a dish of GRAPE-NUTS for the cereal part of the meal. Serve dry and crisp direct from the packet with cream or milk, hot or cold.

EVERY OUNCE OF GRAPE-NUTS TELLS.

There's a reason.

The best little friend I have  
is the big, which you call

# LEMCO

A Pail of Water

AND A VERY LITTLE  
**HUDSON'S**  
GOES A VERY LONG WAY

**HUDSON'S**  
SOAP

## WOMAN'S LOVE

of Cleanliness  
is perfectly satisfied  
with

# HUDSON'S SOAP.

[Facing Matter.]



## IMPORTANT TO ALL THE DESIDERATUM OF LIFE: NATURAL LAWS.

*It is Impossible to have a South Front All  
Round Your House,*



BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE TO PREVENT, RELIEVE, OR  
REMOVE HUMAN SUFFERING BY NATURAL LAWS.

Or, in other words Huxley says: "It is for you to find  
out why your ears are boxed."

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proves that you cannot over-state its great value. To  
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pamphlet given with each bottle. ENO'S 'FRUIT  
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liver laugh with joy!

**CAUTION.**—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT',  
otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.

### MORAL FOR ALL

"I need not be missed if another succeed me;  
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown. | He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the  
He is only remembered by what he has done." (reaper,  
The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' on a Disordered or Feverish Condition is simply Marvellous.  
It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed one.

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